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The Shape of Things

"TIMELY" IS THE WORD FOR PRESIDENT Roosevelt's report to the nation. Given the circumstances in which we entered the war, it was inevitable that we should taste defeat before victory. It was equally inevitable that this period of trial and disappointment would restore the bloom to the faded cheeks of those who never wanted us to stand up to the threat of the Axis powers. A process has been set in motion whereby isolationists and diehard enemies of the Administration can regain the limelight, reassume the pose of "patriot," and do more damage than ever. They need only join the cry for a defensive war. The President not only put the finger on this metamorphosis from ostrich to turtle but indicated its logical progression into a movement for a negotiated peace. We shall doubtless have to put up with a growing body of quitters until a turn in the military tide sets in. In the meantime it is good to have the President call national attention to their presence and to the fatuousness of the turtle tactics which they advocate. It is good, too, to hear the President speak contemptuously not of "the so-called Free French" but of "the Vichy French," and to have him remind the State Department of Vichy's role in making the Philippines untenable by yielding Indo-China to the Japanese. Finally it is good and vitally necessary for the President to take the people into his confidence concerning the world-wide military strategies pursued by the United Nations. The sure feeling that a carefully weighed plan is being followed, that the military effort is not a hit-or-miss affair, will go far to steel the country to temporary setbacks, to induce it to cheerful sacrifice, and to stiffen its resistance to the campaign of lies and rumors he so effectively damned.

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SENATORS WALSH AND JOHNSON—FORMER exponents of the isolationist nobody-can-attack-us theory—are now practically inviting Axis raids by irresponsible talk about our "defenseless" coasts. Senator Johnson says that "we haven't any protection at all on the West Coast," and his colleague from Massachusetts, who unfortunately is chairman of the Senate Naval Affairs Committee, chimes in to say that the situation in the East is

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just as bad and it might become necessary "to recall our depleted fleet" from its present battle stations in order to defend these areas. We have an enormous coastline on both oceans, and it is impossible to guarantee that we shall not suffer from aerial or naval attacks of the kind made by a submarine on California. Such raids, however, are costly, and they will certainly be disadvantageous to our enemies, since they tend to dispel the apathetic attitude of some groups in this country toward the war. Nor will there be any strategic gain unless our High Command can be panicked into concentrating the fleet in home waters. Senators who broadcast the idea that this, indeed, might be the result of a raid or two are certainly putting a tempting proposal before the Axis war chiefs. Hit-and-run raids may be tough to take, but they cannot defeat us so long as we keep our heads.

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THE AIR AND NAVAL VICTORY OFF BALI HAS done little to relieve the desperate plight of the United Nations in the Pacific. By seizing airfields on Timor and Bali, as well as Sumatra, the Japanese have gained invaluable bases from which to attack Java. Although the Java defenses are believed to be much stronger than those of the other Dutch islands, it appears that the defenders have little chance of maintaining their present air superiority. Australia's decision to send aid to Java rather than wait for an attack on the Dominion itself holds out hope that the enemy can be made to pay dearly for the last of the main Dutch islands, but it is obvious that the island can be held only if the United States has sent an expeditionary force amounting to several divisions. On the Burma front the news is even more discouraging. Aided by troops released from the Singapore front, the Japanese have broken through the British defenses east of Rangoon, and the fall of this vital city seems imminent. Although arrangements have been made to ship goods destined for China by way of India, many tens of millions of dollars' worth of supplies are believed to be piled on the wharves at Rangoon.

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BY INVITING CHIANG KAI-SHEK TO VISIT India and talk with the Indian National leaders as well as with the Viceroy the British government acknowledged that the white man could no longer carry his self-imposed burden. The writing on the walls of Singapore has convinced Prime Minister Churchill that India must be given full partnership in the Empire and among the United Nations, that a new Eastern democracy must be brought in to redress the balance of the Western world. In his parting message the Generalissimo expressed the hope that "Britain, without waiting for any demand on the part of the Indian people, as speedily as possible will give them real political power so that they will be in a position to develop further their spiritual and material strength." The Chinese leader could hardly have made such a statement without the foreknowledge of the British government and without some assurance that his hope would be realized. Hence there is good reason to give credence to the reports from London that Sir Stafford Cripps received guaranties on the subject of freedom for India before entering the War Cabinet and that a British minister will shortly be dispatched to Delhi to negotiate with National leaders. It must be recognized, however, that something more than British good-will is needed to solve the Indian problem. It is not encouraging that Mohammed Ali Jinnah, president of the Moslem League, should have commented sourly on Chiang Kai-shek's message, and at the same time pressed his demand for partition. Nothing could be more dangerous at this time than a prolonged dispute between the Hindu and Moslem communities—a dispute which we can be sure the Axis, already actively propagandizing the people of Allah in all parts of the world, will do its utmost to enlarge and embitter.

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RED ARMY DAY HAS PASSED WITHOUT THE hoped-for announcement of a specific victory, although there have been reports of new offensive drives in several sectors. The struggle in Russia, and particularly on the central front, now seems to combine positional warfare with a war of maneuver. The Germans are clinging desperately to a number of towns which they have fortified so strongly that their reduction by direct assault would be a very costly task. Between these points Soviet mobile forces have broken through at a number of points and are ranging far to the rear of the most advanced German lines, harassing communications and rounding up isolated detachments. Presumably their hope it to deprive the exposed enemy garrisons of supplies and thus either to force their surrender or so soften them that they will be unable to withstand a full-scale attack. Hitler has ordered these German garrisons to hold on at all costs, for he needs the towns they occupy as bases for his spring offensive and calculates that communications can soon be restored once the roads are fit for mechanized transport. This expectation may be upset if the Soviets retain their present initiative and are able, as the weather improves, to swing into a general offensive. In his order of the day to the Red Army on its twenty-fourth anniversary, Stalin adopted a tone of sober confidence. He declared that the Nazis would eventually be thrown out of Russia but warned against any delusion that the enemy was already beaten. He also vigorously disclaimed any intention of destroying the German state and rebuked "the foreign press" for spreading such libels. Actually it is the Soviet press which has been indulging in overflamboyant talk of revenge. Stalin's disclaimer suggests that this has proved a handicap on the propaganda front.

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THE HOUSE WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE played politics disgracefully when it shelved the bill which would have provided special unemployment benefits totaling $300,000,000 to workers being retrained to meet the needs of the war-production program. No reason was given by the committee for its action, but the one objection to the bill brought out in the hearings was the fear lest it pave the way for a federal unemployment-insurance system. While experts are almost unanimously agreed that there should be a federalization of the system, the employees of the present state boards, many of whom hold their jobs through political favoritism, have formed a powerful lobby against alteration of the existing arrangement. The plan was far from satisfactory, but for reasons diametrically opposite to those cited by its critics. It had been drawn up hastily by Mr. Hillman and his associates, who gave far too little thought to the long-range problem of reorganizing our social-security system. The Social Security Board, which alone has the experience for dealing with the problem, seems to have had comparatively little to say about the technical aspects of the program. But since Congress is not in a mood to listen to experts and prefers to take advice from the state political machines, the result would doubtless have been the same if a carefully worked-out plan had been presented. Meanwhile hundreds of thousands of men must suffer because a small group of Congressmen put politics above their country's welfare.

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THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE SHONE ONCE MORE when Léon Blum faced the court at the opening of the long-delayed Riom war-guilt trial. The other defendants showed the effects of disillusionment and long months of imprisonment. M. Jacomet, former controller general of the army, seemed a broken man. Both M. La Chambre, a former Air Minister, and General Gamelin bore signs of their recent illnesses. Gamelin refused to make any defense, declaring that he could not be held responsible for a regime that had disappeared. Daladier was vigorous but truculent. Blum appeared unchanged. He eloquently denied the death of the Third Republic and declared that the Republic and democracy were in fact the chief defendants at Riom. His attorney challenged the legality of the court and the government which had created it. The attorney read the instructions given to the press for reporting the trial to show that judgment had in fact been pronounced before the trial started. Daladier made an effort to place responsibility for the trial where it belonged, on Germany, but one of the judges checked his remarks by threatening to clear the court. The outcome of the trial is, of course, a foregone conclusion. The five men will be found guilty of betraying France. But the men chiefly responsible for the dishonor of France are not on trial; they are the rulers of Vichy who arranged the trial and prejudiced its outcome.

Churchill's New Cabinet

MEETING the House of Commons just after the fall of Singapore had shaken the British Empire to its foundations, Prime Minister Churchill was successful in getting a general debate postponed until the current "mood of anger" had cooled, although he refused to make any concessions to his critics. But democratic processes remain effective in Britain, and Mr. Churchill is not deaf to the voice of the people. He could not fail to recognize that the rising demand for real changes in the government was no phony agitation but the kind of genuine political ground-swell which wrecked the appeasement policy after the Nazi march to Prague and swept Chamberlain out of office in May, 1940. It is not surprising, therefore, that he should have gone part way to meet the public insistence on a change in men and methods.

The ministerial shake-up has undoubtedly warded off a first-class political crisis, although the changes are not as drastic as many people would wish. Very little new blood has been infused into the system, but at least some bad old blood has been drained out. Public support has strengthened Churchill to dismiss from the War Office Captain David Margesson, a central figure in the Tory machine and former whipper-up of majorities for Chamberlain. Another notable departure is that of Colonel Moore-Brabazon, who incautiously revealed the old appeasement Adam last summer when he expressed the hope that Russia and Germany would destroy each other.

More important than the reshuffle of departmental heads is the change in personnel of the War Cabinet and its reduction to a less unwieldy size. Sir Kingsley Wood, one of the holdovers from the appeasement era, and Arthur Greenwood, a Labor leader who has proved disappointingly ineffective since he "spoke for England" at the beginning of the war, can easily be spared. The other member to retire is Lord Beaverbrook, who only a week or two ago was appointed Minister of Supply. It proved impossible, however, to reconcile the powers he felt he needed for this job with those of other ministers, notably those of Ernest Bevin, Minister of Production. Consequently Lord Beaverbrook, whose health is affected by English winters, is to come to Washington to work on the problem of pooling supplies among the United Nations.

The new blood in the Cabinet is represented by Sir Stafford Cripps, left-wing independent and recently returned ambassador to Moscow, and Oliver Lyttleton—both young men as statesmen go. Cripps has sometimes proved a clumsy political tactician in the past, but he has a fine mind and probably a firmer grasp of the fundamental issues of the war than any other front-rank British leader. Lyttleton, who has been representing the British

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government in the Middle East, is one of the white hopes of the Conservative Party but something of a dark horse so far as the general public is concerned. He is said to be both able and energetic, but his pre-war activities as head of a metal monopoly with international ramifications raise the suspicion that he is being given his place in order to voice the views of those who still believe that the war is being fought to maintain intact the existing social system.

That is a view rejected by a growing multitude of Britons of all classes, who in the last two and a half years have become convinced that the paramountcy of property and the habits of thought it engenders are major obstacles to winning the war and absolute barriers to winning the peace.

Manpower and the Draft

THE fall of Singapore has brought home to many Americans for the first time the magnitude of the task that lies ahead. All hope that this will be a short or even a moderately long war has now been dissipated. Possibly because the crushing defeat suffered by the United Nations happened to coincide with registration for the third draft, speculation has centered largely on the size of the army that will be required to achieve victory. Newspaper accounts have mentioned the possibility that our armed forces may eventually reach seven, eight, or even ten million men. These stories have caused much needless anxiety among families who are completely dependent upon men registered for the draft. What is even more serious, they have nurtured a misconception regarding America's role in the war. The idea that the effectiveness of our war effort can be measured by the size of our army is deeply rooted in our thinking. And it is a misconception which, unfortunately, is not limited to the lay public. Many high army officers are convinced that we need an army of at least 10,000,000.

Such an army is not, of course, an impossibility, but it would mean a complete shift in our fundamental strategy. It would involve the repudiation of any idea of making the United States an arsenal for democracy and a complete concentration on our own defense needs. It is a reflection of isolationist psychology, since it would abandon our allies to their own resources in the mistaken view that we could thus save our own skins.

Some decision regarding basic policy is forced upon us by arithmetic. We shall face within a matter of months a man-power crisis far more serious than that encountered in the last war. The figures are readily available for anyone who has the courage to look at them. At the present moment we have about 2,500,000 men in the armed services. About 5,000,000 are employed in war industries and 44,000,000 elsewhere in industry and agriculture. It is estimated that there are about 4,000,000 unemployed, many of them skilled workers in industries being converted for war purposes. This does not seem a very alarming state of affairs, particularly since there are several million women and older persons who can be brought into production. But we must remember that the all-out production program that was launched after Pearl Harbor is still largely in the blueprint stage. Real production will not start until summer, when inductions into the army will also have been stepped up materially.

The pinch will be felt acutely by the end of this year. The army and navy plan by that time to have at least 4,000,000 men under arms. Employment in the war industries will probably reach 14,000,000 (some estimates run as high as 17,000,000). Employment in agriculture and non-defense industries will probably drop to around 40,000,000. The total, making no allowance for transitional or sectional unemployment, is approximately 58,000,000—or about 2,000,000 more than our aggregate labor force as usually estimated. Judging by the experience of World War I, these 2,000,000 workers can be provided by bringing women, retired persons, and youth into productive life. But the maximum labor supply available, on the basis of World War I ratios, is 60,000,000 or 61,000,000. This should be fully utilized early in 1943 if present production schedules are maintained. From this it is evident that we are bound to encounter real difficulties if we seek to increase the armed forces much above the levels now planned for the end of 1942. Figures on the number of factory workers needed to maintain a soldier at the front are notoriously unreliable, but according to the most conservative of these estimates, an increase of 1,000,000 men in the armed services would necessitate the employment of at least 3,000,000 additional men in the defense industries. It is possible that by a longer working day and a further curtailment of civilian industries, involving a considerable decrease in living standards, provision could be made for an additional million or so under these conditions, but an army of 8,000,000 or 10,000,000 can only be achieved by a drastic cut in aid to our allies.

Careful planning is needed not only to make the best use of our man-power but also to make the necessary transitions as smooth as possible. Never in our history have we undertaken anything so gigantic as the present diversion of the nation's man-power to the defense effort. In adopting legislation to register every man between eighteen and sixty-five we recognized that this vast change-over can only be done under governmental direction. So far there has been no real planning. But it is expected that the President will shortly set up an agency which will be responsible for directing the civilian draft and deciding broad policies for the use of our man-power. On the wisdom of its decisions may rest the outcome of the entire war effort.

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Court and Profiteer

THE ancient spell of property rights seems to exercise its sway even over a liberal Supreme Court. Justice Black's decision in the Bethlehem War Profits case holds, in effect, that the law will not interfere if a business man takes advantage of his country's distress to drive a hard bargain. This was expressed most simply, and naively, in Justice Murphy's concurring opinion. "It is understandable," he said, "that one may be indignant at Bethlehem's claim, but such indignation does not justify the distortion of established legal principles. . . ."

The point of Justice Frankfurter's able dissent is that no principle is older or better established in equity and contracts than that "courts will not enforce transactions in which the relative positions of the parties are such that one has unconscionably taken advantage of the necessities of the other." This was certainly the case when the government negotiated what a lower court termed the "daylight robbery" shipbuilding contracts of 1917 and 1918 with Bethlehem.

The government's negotiators were forced under protest to accept an "efficiency" clause giving Bethlehem half of all savings effected on the original estimated cost. The clause permitted Bethlehem to place the estimates as high as it pleased in order to increase the margin of "savings" on which its bonus would be paid. The ships cost $120,000,000 to build, and the government has already paid Bethlehem $25,000,000 in "cost plus" fees, bonuses, and money for plant expansion. In addition Bethlehem Steel made a considerable profit selling steel to its own Bethlehem Shipbuilding. The government asked the courts to reduce these profits to a reasonable level. Bethlehem asked for $7,500,000 more in "bonuses" and under this decision will be paid an additional $3,800,000.

Justice Black argued for the majority that if the government didn't like the terms forced upon it, it should have commandeered the shipyards. The fact that this remedy was not used does not seem to us to foreclose appeal to equity. We have no doubt that Justice Black would approve commandeering, but we wonder whether Justices Reed, Byrnes, and Douglas, who agreed with him on that point, would today dare to propose the commandeering of General Motors or U. S. Steel.

The question is an appropriate one because Justice Byrnes has become a Presidential adviser on defense and Justice Douglas would like to be the head of the arms-production program. The reactionary social outlook of Justice Byrnes is well known, but it is disappointing to find Justice Douglas taking so weak a position on so basic a war problem. His only point of dissent was that Bethlehem should have been required to prove that the bonuses were due it for efficiency, not miscalculation.

Luce Thinking—II

By FREDA KIRCHWEY

I DON'T like to be blunt, particularly in talking about a contemporary, but the article by Henry Luce in *Life* for February 16, 1942, is without question the most pompous poppycock that has appeared in print since February 17, 1941, when The American Century, written by the same author, appeared in the same magazine. A whole year of this world's mortal pain, ending in several weeks of crashing defeat for American arms, has served only to tighten the seams and chromium-plate the surface of Mr. Luce's armor of self-righteousness. And I must say I am surprised. While I have never thought the editor of *Life*, etc., a man of broad social understanding, he is surely no provincial. During the past year he has heard with his own ears the crash of bombs in Chungking. He has seen death in distant lands. But he has learned only one new thing about the war.

He still believes, as he believed a year ago, that the peace to follow it must be "America's peace," and that it must produce a world which will guarantee "liberty under law." "Obviously," he says, "no one else is going to give us that kind of world." "It is useless," he says, for other countries "to worry about a peace which they are incapable of creating." So it is up to us. This is what he also said in the embarrassing pages of The American Century. The thing he has learned since 1941 is the importance of China in the war and the peace-to-be. China alone can hold Japan, and quite obviously Japan had better be held. So Mr. Luce adds that nation to the union of America and Britain which formed the basis of his last year's hegemony. What effect this new partner will have on the brave dream of an English-speaking order, the Führer of *Time* and *Life* fails to explain. It is to be hoped, for his sake, that the people of China will learn English. But whatever language they speak, the Chinese are offered a junior partnership in the enterprise Mr. Luce is promoting. In the Lucite New Order they will play a role similar to that offered the Danes and Swedes and Hollanders—if they behave themselves—in the Nazi New Order. They will be the little brothers of the boys who run the show. And just as Hitler has transformed the Japanese into honorary Aryans, so it may be possible for Luce to make Anglo-Saxons out of the Chinese.

Now this implied parallel between the ideas of the American super-editor and the Nazi super-tyrant would be inexcusable, even as jest, if Mr. Luce had not provided so much of the raw material himself. But the fact is, his whole cult of American superiority is no whit less revolting and no less unjustified than the Nordic myth that provides the moral sanction for Hitler's brutal aggressions. Mr. Luce modestly admits the existence of flaws

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in American society. The pure expression of the capitalist order has not yet been attained. But the ideal is unassailable, and it can only be achieved by American courage, American ingenuity, American principles, American I-forget-what-all. And the rest of the world will take it and like it, first, because it is American and therefore the best and, second, because America is strong enough to dictate terms—to friends as well as foes.

I maintain that such talk is both nonsensical and against the interests of the nations arrayed against Hitler. The unconcealed contempt for Europe which pervades Mr. Luce's article is not only ignorant and crude; it is exactly the attitude best calculated to create resentment among anti-Axis elements here and in the conquered countries across the Atlantic. To men and women in Nazi concentration camps, to guerrillas fighting in the mountains of Serbia, to Russian soldiers driving the German armies westward, mile by mile, to refugees from Hitler's terror, to civilians in every land risking their lives in acts of sabotage or counter-propaganda, the notion that Americans alone are equipped to formulate and dominate the coming peace would seem a tragic joke. To Americans who are not possessed by Mr. Luce's strange delusions, the idea is stupid and repugnant.

Britain stands well above continental Europe in Mr. Luce's hierarchy of nations but clearly, permanently, below that of the United States. Very smoothly Mr. Luce makes this matter clear. Gently he relegates Britain to the lesser role in the great partnership. Kindly he suggests a transfer of the burdens of leadership—and specifically of power—from Britain's weary back to our strong one. Delicately he proposes in effect that we take over the whole empire and "protect" it in the years to come.

As for other countries, they aren't considered at all—either as partners or protectorates. Mr. Luce mentions Russia's presence among the fighting nations, but it completely drops out of Mr. Luce's calculations when he takes up the matter of organizing the forces available to defeat Hitler and make an "American peace." This omission is not hard to understand. Mr. Luce's world order would be a neater affair altogether if only Russia could be forgotten—if only Russia were not winning all the battles being won by anti-Nazi forces anywhere.

And he manages to forget Latin America, too, a curious lapse so soon after the happy reunion at Rio. The other half of the hemisphere is not mentioned at all, either in relation to the war or to the peace. It is to be hoped that *Life* is not much read below the border.

But perhaps even now I haven't made Mr. Luce's basic position clear to those who have failed to read his little essay on internationalism. The thing is, only the United States knows what this war is about. And even the United States is a little puzzled. Or was until Mr. Luce set it straight.

This war is "a war against the cleavage of mankind into right and left." May I quote a few lines?

> It is war against the hidden civil war which, raging throughout the world, weakened the structure of nations until much of their national identity had been lost before Hitler overwhelmed them. . . . It is war against the politics of unprincipled power, the setting of group against group, of labor against business, business against government, farmers against wage-earners, which turns the rivalries of politics into class war.
>
> Because America alone among the nations of the earth was founded on ideas and ideals which transcend class and caste and racial and occupational differences, America alone can provide the pattern for the future. Because America stands for a system wherein many groups, however diverse, are united under a system of laws and faiths that enables them to live peacefully together, American experience is the key to the future.

So now you see. America wins the war—"America's war"—and institutes a reign of liberty under law which transcends the whole ugly clash of interests which makes for disorder and gives tyrants their chance.

It would be funny, this innocent and arrogant dismissal of the most profound problems that have emerged from our complex industrial society, if it were not typical of a certain broad streak of American opinion. It is fatally easy for us as a people to pretend that because equality was one of the ideals for which our own Revolution was fought we are somehow immunized against the ordinary ills of social conflict. It is easy to ignore the fact that we are in the thick of that conflict every day of our lives, that it is implicit in the political struggles waged in Washington as it is in the industrial struggles waged in Detroit or West Virginia. And, more serious still, Mr. Luce's fantasy obscures, by denying, the real meaning of the war itself.

That civil war against which he asks us to fight is the war in which we are, on the contrary, *forced to take sides,* and the side we are forced to take is the side aligned against Hitler. And unhappily for Mr. Luce and his theories, this side is a rather mixed team which includes, along with rather nice imperialists and capitalists, those very elements of the left toward whom he directs such specific contempt. For Hitler's war was *first of all* a war against the organized political and economic forces of the working class—against trade unions and Socialists and Communists. Hitler's war began as a class war and it is still that, along with several other kinds. It is still a civil war, too. And it is that war which must be won—not by America but by the men and groups in all countries who know what the war is about and on which side they are fighting. One can understand Mr. Luce's dislike of this war in which he is enlisted, but he can't change it around just to suit his preferences. Hitler set the terms long ago—sometime back in the twenties.

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Pet Fascists

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, February 20

OIL to Spain. Shipment of oil to Spain, shut off entirely about two months ago when confidential figures on them were published in these pages, may be resumed within the near future. Export-control authorities claim, however, that they now have observers not only at all ports of entry but at all storage points in Spain, that they can prevent any transshipment to the Axis, and that only low-grade oil will be sent.

Hush, Hush. Had the figures on Spanish oil shipments remained undisclosed, shipments would have continued without the new safeguards. Publication of the news made it possible for the Milo Perkins crowd in the Board of Economic Warfare to win the fight for stricter surveillance against the flabbier-minded State Department. Dean Acheson, the Assistant Secretary in charge of export-control matters, and Max W. Thornburg, the department's adviser on oil, seem to have been allies of the Board of Economic Welfare in that battle.

Remedy. The remedy, in the opinion of the State Department, is not to shut off the oil but to shut off the information. There is good reason to believe that the department played a major part in the birth of the Biddle "hush-hush" bill now before the Senate Judiciary Committee. Under the terms of this bill a reporter revealing information declared confidential by any government department would be liable to a $5,000 fine or two years in jail or both. J. Edgar Hoover's friend, Assistant Attorney General Alexander Holtzoff, is to steer it through Congress, but newspapermen here are strongly aroused about it, and the bill can be defeated.

Too Delicate. Acheson, though better than his colleagues on export-control matters, is as bad as the rest of them when it comes to this question of secrecy. He, too, seems to feel that all matters handled by the State Department are much too delicate for public knowledge and discussion, and it was on his urging last year that the Coffee-Gillette resolution for an inquiry into the leak of American war materials to the Axis was killed in committee.

Test Case. The spectacle of our leading diplomats caught with their striped trousers down is indeed a delicate one. An example was furnished this week when Sumner Welles declared Vichy's explanations on North Africa "unsatisfactory." The British have again presented evidence that supplies are going through French African territory to the Axis forces in Libya. Only a few weeks ago A. A. Berle and other officials of the State Department were telling the press that they could find no substance in British complaints and that American observers in North Africa had a complete check on the situation.

Pétain Personally. Like less august mortals, State Department officials are prone to believe what they want to believe, and it is too early to assume that an "unsatisfactory" reply from Gaston Henry-Haye marks the beginning of the end of appeasing Vichy. The State Department feels that it has an ace in the hole because, as was explained to the press, Admiral Leahy can see Pétain personally. Our officials seem to regard this as a great privilege. But reliable reports indicate—not that it matters—that Leahy can see Pétain only in the presence of Darlan or one of the Admiral's stooges.

Progress. When a man does one the honor to receive one personally, it is hard to call him a liar, even in diplomatic language. What if Pétain assures Leahy that no supplies are going to Libya from North Africa? There is good reason to believe that the White House is less gullible about Vichy than the State Department. Even in the department progress is being made. Welles actually granted an audience to Adrien Tixier, leader of the so-called Free French, hitherto cold-shouldered in the department. And it is now admitted by the State Department that Pétain may be a fascist, though it is felt that he is not pro-Nazi. These fine distinctions seem to comfort some people.

Each Its Pet. The British government feels that our government is much too friendly to Pétain; ours that Britain is much too friendly to Franco. Each has its pet fascist. Halifax visited the department during the week to protest against (1) "appeasement" of Vichy, and (2) disclosure of the fact that the British were sending mining machinery to the Rio Tinto copper mines in Spain. Since there is an acute shortage of mining machinery here, and the Rio Tinto mines have long been a source of Axis supply, lease-lend officials were angered by the shipments.

Where Does F. D. R. Stand? Under the Eden White Paper, lease-lend materials or their equivalent cannot be reexported from Britain without American approval. The British embassy here claimed that urgent political considerations, perhaps Franco's empty threat to enter the war, and an agreement between the President and Prime Minister Churchill justified them in making these shipments without further consultation. Consultation was to be avoided because American export-control and lease-

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lend officials had previously vetoed proposed shipments of rubber and mining machinery to Spain.

The Roosevelt-Churchill Agreement. The agreement, according to the British embassy, was to support the economic life of Spain. Lend-lease is still waiting for an answer from Hull's assistant, Lynn R. Edminster, on (1) whether there is such an agreement, and (2) whether it is broad enough to justify waiving the White Paper and exporting scarce mining machinery to Spain. The State Department's usual technique in handling embarrassing questions of this kind is to delay an answer as long as possible or, providentially, to mislay the letter of inquiry. The department is much more interested in trying to find out how the information leaked.

Gaul, D. C. On the question of appeasement official Washington is divided into three parts. There are people friendly to fascism, particularly of the Catholic variety, who would give Spain and Vichy anything they want, and there are those who are opposed to "appeasement" of any kind, an extremist position but not without support from the events of the past ten years. In between are those who think it necessary to dole out limited quantities of supplies to Vichy and Franco to keep them "from joining the Axis." The President belongs to this intermediate group. The difference between the American and British governments is that the former would give less to Franco and more to Vichy, and vice versa. The difference between the dominant policy in our government and dominant opinion in the State Department is that the latter would like to give more to both.

Machiavellis or Suckers? It may be that this is a very clever policy, or it may be that Hitler prefers to leave the fueling and feeding of unoccupied France and unoccupied Spain to us until he is ready to take them over. Export-control officials may be justified in thinking that they can resume exports of low-grade oil to Franco without danger of transshipment. But Hitler is equally justified in appreciating the tuna sent the Axis by Spanish fishing smacks operating on our low-grade oil. There is another factor sometimes overlooked here. The spectacle of free America dickering fearfully with two-by-four fascist dictators is not the most effective inspiration for a democratic crusade.

The U-Boat Strategy

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

THE war at sea, spread over the greatest arena of any conflict known to history, has rearrested public interest; submarine sinkings are rising sharply after being held at low levels for six months. Submarine raids all through the war have come in waves, and a renewal of damage was to be expected after the phenomenally low level of losses in November and December. But the location of Germany's latest campaign, not in the seas near the British Isles, where targets are most plentiful, but along our own Atlantic coast and as close to the Panama Canal as Aruba, was a surprise. To make attacks on tankers and freighters in American waters the rather small German U-boats must have undergone a heavy battering in mid-Atlantic and have sacrificed at least half of their effective cruising radius.

One probable explanation of the change of field, that risks were too great in the eastern Atlantic, speaks well for the success of our convoys to England. But entirely aside from this reason, several other possible factors may account for Germany's decision to carry on its main campaign at sea farther west and also for the recent successes of that strategy.

In the first place, the United Nations have probably transferred some ships to the Pacific, leaving the western Atlantic, at least, with lighter protection. Still other vessels, especially British airplane carriers, are at present laid up for repairs. In this connection the recent burning of the Normandie is especially unfortunate since she would have made an unusually fast and efficient plane carrier. In the western Atlantic, also, from the beginning of the war, fewer precautions have been taken against submarines. We have depended mainly upon seaplane and blimp patrols along the coast, together with small naval vessels and Coast Guard ships equipped with hydrophones. Safeguards for harbors have been installed, and merchant vessels are being given defensive armaments, but none of these measures have been carried so far as they will now have to be, and no convoys have been used. German raiders are thus taking advantage of the fact that we are far less prepared today than we shall be later. While it is necessary for them to range widely in search of targets, they may, if lucky, score a number of successes in a two weeks' campaign.

The real objective of the attacks, however, may be to "test" the United States, in the hope that a panic-stricken populace will demand the retention of American ships at home. Germany may even dream of causing us to abandon our war plans for an invasion of continental Europe by a new A. E. F. If it can compel us, by this new effort, to expend a great amount of time and ma-

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terial that should be employed elsewhere in guarding ships near our coast, it will have won a definite victory.

The voyage of the three German capital ships from Brest is part of this strategy. United in one fleet, German sea power presents a far greater threat to the British and forces upon them a heavy concentration of strength at a time when the effective accomplishment of tasks in many parts of the world demands dispersion. Psychologically, the move has been effective in creating doubt in Allied ranks; it has aroused distrust of the adequacy of the protection which the British could assure to a future A. E. F. This protection must be their charge if we are to fight successfully in the Pacific.

Because of Navy Department censorship it is difficult to determine with what degree of success we are protecting our merchant ships. Even the navy itself may be in doubt since there is no sure way of deciding whether oil and air bubbles rising to the surface after a submarine has been attacked with bomb or depth charge indicate a corpse or merely a canny commander "playing possum." At any rate the Germans are finding more victims than they have found for some months. Only when they abandon these long voyages can we be sure that they feel the price has become too high. It is of course possible to meet the danger by adopting the convoy system, but a large diversion of tonnage from other sectors for this purpose would be justly regarded as a great gain for Hitler.

High as is the rate of recent losses, the situation can hardly be compared with that existing a year ago, when the British were in danger of starvation. Not only were total losses much greater at that time but the replacement angle was less hopeful, the tonnage of new ships completed being only a third of the amount destroyed. During January, 1942, in the United States alone completions held an advantage of about two to one over sinkings.

Today's threat in the Atlantic is no longer the starvation of the British Isles. It is rather the prevention of effective American intervention on the continent by restricting the merchant tonnage needed to transport adequate man-power, munitions, and planes. The 18,000,000 tons of new ships scheduled for completion in 1942 and 1943 are intended to serve the needs of an American Expeditionary Force of five million men in Europe. Every ship scheduled is needed, and in view of Japanese victories in the Far East, the total may have to be increased.

In the Pacific our navy is struggling with a problem of transport more difficult to solve than any ever faced before by a nation at war. Of the planes needed to defeat Japan only the largest bombers have sufficient radius to reach the scene of hostilities on their own power. And even in their case the equipment needed to keep them in running order, the bombs for them to drop, and the gasoline required for along-the-way refueling all have to be transported by sea. Japan's capture of most of the mid-Pacific bases used for earlier American air transport has compelled us to follow a much longer route. Using the safest routes available, supplies from the United States to the Far East have to be transported nearly halfway around the globe. It probably takes two months to transport fighting planes from San Francisco or Los Angeles to Burma or Port Darwin, unload them, and make them ready for use.

Perhaps because their main attention has been centered elsewhere the Japanese have so far made singularly ineffective use of their large fleet of cruiser submarines. Since their early and somewhat clumsy forays along our Pacific Coast Japanese submarines have claimed few victims.

The work of our navy in the Pacific in dealing with raiders, guarding convoys, and establishing new bases has been hard, unspectacular, and unappreciated. Because the factors of time and geography are so much in Japan's favor such efforts may even be fruitless in preventing it from continuing its string of conquests. Aerial equality is an absolute prerequisite to the naval and air offensive needed to bring about victory for the United Nations in the Far East. However, in view of the administrative mistakes of underestimating Japan and dividing the United States fleet and the unpardonable episode at Pearl Harbor, the navy has probably done as effective a job in the Pacific as could reasonably be expected.

In the war of attrition in the Pacific our score against both naval and merchant vessels has been high. But we should not make the mistake common to our radio and newspaper commentators of overemphasizing Japanese losses. Even in the engagements in the Macassar Straits the Japanese, despite tremendous losses, attained their objectives. None of the damage we have inflicted on man-power, air power, or shipping has been decisive. The shipping losses will be hardest to replace, but even in this field the Japanese will experience no extreme difficulty. They entered the war with 5,600,000 tons of merchant vessels and claim the seizure of 200 enemy and neutral vessels in their ports. Since embargoes have cut off Japanese trade, all these ships are available for war uses. At most we have not destroyed more than 10 per cent of them, and more than ample replacements for such losses are available. The sinking of the Haruna, a plane carrier, half a dozen cruisers, and a minimum of twenty-five destroyers and submarines, with heavy damage to other ships, was more serious, but the Japanese are still winning.

The United Nations are making a respectable showing on the high seas, but even complete success in the maintenance of sea communications is a negative achievement which enables us at best to continue the fight on other fronts.

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Uncertainty in Mexico

BY HARRY BLOCK

Mexico City, February 13

FOREIGN MINISTER PADILLA's eloquence at Rio de Janeiro appears to have been a powerful factor in engineering the successful conclusion of the recent conference, and he has been accorded much deserved praise in the United States for his labors. In fact, Mexico's anti-fascist attitude, which antedates by several years the virtual scrapping of neutrality in June, 1940—when President Cárdenas sent a telegram to President Lebrun deploring the invasion of France by Nazi Germany—has led many progressives to believe that Mexico was safely on the side of the angels. During those years it raised what was often an almost solitary voice of protest against the attacks on China, Abyssinia, Spain, Austria, and Czecho-Slovakia. It has played a leading part among the architects of inter-American unity. And after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor it fulfilled without hesitation the obligations assumed at the several pan-American conferences.

The country as a whole, however, does not present quite the unbroken democratic front that its government's official stand seems to indicate. The present administration has continued the Cárdenas line in foreign affairs, but this policy was as unpopular among the groups which attacked Cárdenas as was his domestic program. The divisions of opinion that produced such bitter political struggles under Cárdenas have not been bridged in spite of the present government's appeals for national unity. But though the antagonisms persist, there has been a rather startling reversal of roles which it will require some explanation to make clear.

President Avila Camacho belongs to the moderate wing of the Mexican Revolution, a group whose interpretation of the revolution's purposes and final aims is considerably at variance with what was orthodox doctrine during the Popular Front days of Cárdenas. While the election campaign was in progress, however, it was expected that in a free play of social and political forces a new balance would be struck which, though it might be considerably to the right of the retiring administration's position, would still represent a continuation of its general policy. But the new government took office in a mounting war emergency, and the President appealed to all factions to sink narrow "sectarian" interests in a common patriotic endeavor to defend the larger interests of the whole nation. The labor movement responded loyally, but there is very little evidence that other groups and parties displayed a similar political quixotism. As a result, labor voluntarily yielded its initiative to its bitterest enemies, a circumstance from which most of the puzzling contradictions of the current situation have developed.

It is in the nature of middle-of-the-road governments that they adhere to the middle of the road only to the extent that roughly equivalent pressures from both sides operate to keep them there. The leadership of the C. T. M. (Confederation of Mexican Workers) adopted, however, a different theory, on which its course of action has since been based. Briefly stated, this was that the new regime faithfully represented the Mexican Revolution, that is, the hopes and aspirations of the Mexican masses for a better economic and political future. The reactionaries, the C. T. M. asserted, were trying to drive a wedge between the revolutionary government and the people, in order to destroy the alliance that had been the principal buttress of the Cárdenas regime and an important factor in the election of his successor. Unless unconditionally supported by the liberal and labor groups, the government, it argued, would be driven into the arms of reaction, and the power of Mexican fascism would be thereby increased. Finally, it maintained, any criticism of or opposition to the government's measures would open the way to the charge of "subversive" fifth-column activities.

But while the C. T. M., in pursuance of this policy, has pretended that there is no essential difference between the new government and that of Cárdenas, it appears to have been fostering the very development it set out to prevent, and its foes have been jubilantly making hay. Two recent examples will serve to indicate the general trend.

When the Federal District government last month imposed a transfer tax on the sale of bonds and other securities, the bankers, who have small patience with the shibboleth of "national unity" and the virtue of universal sacrifice in these trying times, raised such a howl of protest that the measure was hastily withdrawn. At almost the same time the law regulating public education came before Congress for amendment and revision. Now this law represents a major political battle in the recent Mexican past. The famous "socialist" education, which has never, in fact, existed outside the statute books, had become during eight years of attack by the country's most obscurantist groups one of those political banners which the progressives could least afford to surrender. Actually they were defending the indefensible—what, after all, can be more absurd than the proposal to institute socialist

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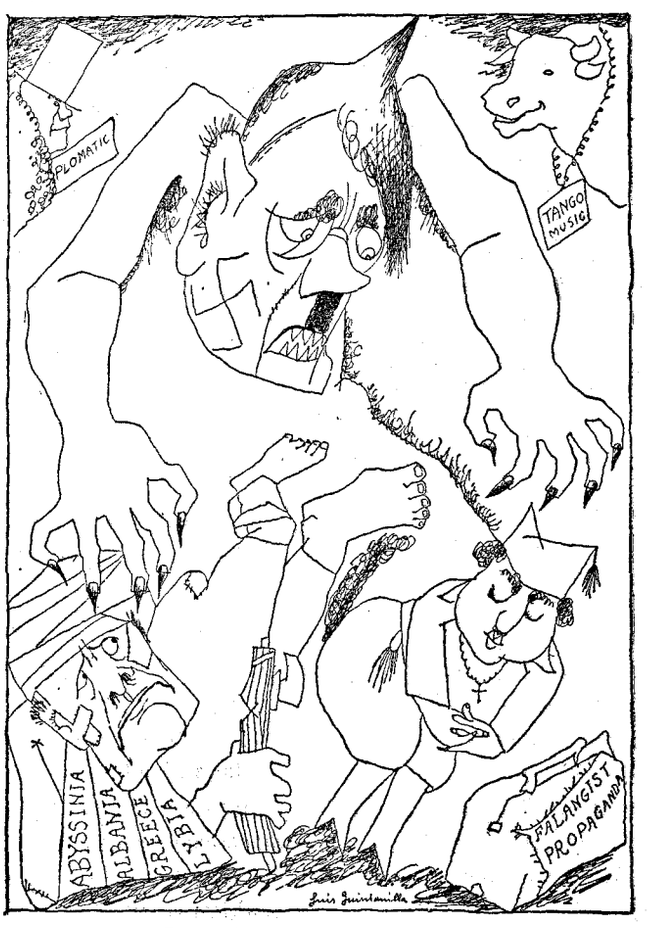
education in a land that no one pretends is socialist?—and President Calles, when he presented this particular lemon to the radicals of the Revolutionary Party in 1933, must have derived considerable sardonic amusement from anticipation of the difficulties in which it was going to land them. But it had since become a standard around which people could be rallied for a number of quite different struggles, and to relinquish it would constitute a disaster precisely because it had been so tenaciously defended. However, when the new Congress proceeded last December to emasculate the law, the C. T. M. acclaimed the new legislation for having maintained "the principle of socialist education," in spite of the fact that, to mention only one of its quaint provisions, it discourages coeducation even in elementary schools on grounds of morality!

When one recalls the optimistic militancy of the C. T. M. three years ago, this seems indeed a sad eclipse. Only time will tell whether the present policy will in the long run prove beneficial; for the moment it is difficult to escape the feeling that the labor leadership must bear its share of responsibility for the country's present unstable temper. For the combination of labor paralysis and economic difficulties is producing general discontent. It is no secret that the workers' apparently spectacular gains under Cárdenas were largely illusory and that they have little to show for their paper victories—literally paper, as they constituted in effect promissory notes on the future. Wages, at a generous estimate, have increased possibly 40 per cent during the six years but have never come within hailing distance of a price level which in its most important item, food, has soared 100 per cent. It is unfortunately true that Cárdenas, who showed such conspicuous daring in other directions, became afflicted with palsy whenever he was brought face to face with the problem of price control.

Since the outbreak of the war prices have continued to rise while wages have remained, at best, stationary. Real suffering and resentment have begun to spread through large worker and middle-class groups, no longer sustained by the stimulation of united action and the hope in the future they had known under Cárdenas. The political result has been the curious reversal of roles mentioned above. When Cárdenas preached democratic solidarity and anti-fascist action to a largely unheeding world, he was denounced as an international busybody and a Bolshevik by all the reactionaries in Mexico, whereas the traditionally anti-gringo masses shed a large part of their ingrained hostility to the United States. But now that the reactionaries believe that things are coming their way at last, that the government is on *their* side, they are drawing a discreet veil over their recent paeans to Hitler and swearing undying loyalty to a democracy for which, in fact, they have no more use than they ever had. The workers, meanwhile, bewildered by the retreat they have been forced into, are drifting into a dangerous mood of cynical opposition and becoming ever more susceptible to the blandishments of fascist demagogy. It is true that as yet this feeling is prevalent only among the more reactionary worker groups and the labor "aristocracy" on the fringe of the middle class—those who made up most of the urban following of Almazán during the 1940 campaign. But it is among them also that the Spanish Falange, composed of Hitler's deputies in Latin America with their phony Indian-baiting Hispanicism, and its allies, the *Sinarquistas,* are making inroads.

There is nothing that a certain class of Mexicans respects so much as *machismo* (maleness) and military ruthlessness; a large part of the respect with which the Germans are regarded here is due to their demonstrated *machismo*—they are *muy hombres,* very tough guys. Few actions of the American government have done more to strengthen American prestige here in recent months than its placing Axel Wenner-Gren, the somewhat mysterious Swedish financier, on the black list. Wenner-Gren had been on intimate terms with high government officials and prominent politicians, who were apparently preparing to make him handsome concessions for the money he was reputedly going to invest here. The blow, when it fell, was a heavy one to these insiders, including several Americans who were not above flirting with the enemy.



"Get Busy. Or Must I Break You Too?"

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But while the United States government's action was resented, it was also respected, because it showed that the gringos too could get tough when necessary.

It would be easy, however, to exaggerate the importance of such aberrations; I mention them only to show that Mexico is far from being of one mind about the war. Does this mean that the country could be converted into a base of operations against the United States? I think not. There are plenty of actual and potential fifth columnists, but there is one effective bar to their successful action. With an insufficient agriculture and a rudimentary industrial structure, the country is largely dependent on its foreign trade, and the United States has now become almost the sole country with which trade can be carried on. Nearly 100 per cent of exports and imports now go to or come from the United States, and under that compulsion the most recalcitrant diehard nationalists can see that, with or without Good Neighbor policies, with or without pan-American conferences and hemisphere solidarity, their country's future is now irrevocably bound up with that of its neighbor.

Thus the government's policy of full cooperation with Washington, while it may not command universal approval, has been accepted by everyone except the openly fascist minority. At the same time there has been a strong conviction that Mexico should get very substantial *national* concessions in return. This was the opportunity to obtain compensation for El Chamizal, to reach an agreement in the oil dispute, to settle on advantageous terms such long-standing issues as the Claims Convention, the government and railroad debts, and some other dubious financial obligations inherited from former regimes. In short, if Mexico were to aid the United States and Great Britain in the war against Nazi imperialism, the least it could expect in return was a loosening of the bonds which had obstructed its own advance toward a democratic future.

Unhappily, these things did not come to pass. Relations with Great Britain were resumed—in a voluntary expression of democratic solidarity—with no mention of the oil dispute that had provoked the rupture. Why, people asked, did not Mexico insist on a settlement as a prerequisite to renewed diplomatic relations? On the other hand, the American State Department missed a real opportunity for cementing Mexican friendship by allowing the talks to drag on for a year and by conducting them in a pinch-penny bargaining spirit. The final agreement is excellent as far as it goes, but for all the anguished protests of Standard Oil and the New York *Herald Tribune*, it does not go very far. Actually, because of the stubbornness of the American oil interests, a final oil settlement was again postponed. The agreement exacted $40,000,000, from 10 to 15 per cent of the face value, in payment of old American claims—many of which I am told, had in fact been disallowed by the International Claims Convention—whereas Mexico had been able to settle similar claims with other countries at about 2 per cent. It provided a fund to stabilize the shaky Mexican peso, but a better way might have been for the United States to buy more Mexican goods, which it is still not importing in anything like requisite quantities. A loan was granted, but since the money is to be used principally in building highways and improving harbors and the railroad system, almost purely military and defense projects, it will not necessarily have any lasting beneficial effects on the national economy. Finally, direct silver purchases from the Mexican government were renewed, purchases that had been suspended in 1938 after the oil expropriation. The profit on the turnover will of course be useful to the Mexican Treasury and many mine workers will keep their jobs, but the principal beneficiaries of this transaction are the Americans who own 70 per cent of Mexico's silver mines.

What was most encouraging about the settlement, in fact, was its being concluded at all, after so many premature announcements of its imminent signing. It was encouraging to find the United States recognizing Mexican sovereignty in the oil dispute after Mr. Hull's unhappy attempt to impose international arbitration of a purely domestic issue; and to find that an amicable solution was possible for some, if not all, of the issues that were obstructing improved Mexican-American relations. But much as Mexicans welcomed the clearing of financial horizons and the disappearance of existing tension, they could not help wishing they had secured more favorable terms.

Foreign Minister Padilla went to Rio with a program to which most Mexicans would subscribe, either out of personal conviction or the feeling that expediency offered no better course. But they rose up in wrath when he rather clumsily stated that Mexico's proposal of a unanimous rupture of relations with the Axis should be adopted "because that was what the United States wanted." Doubtless he meant to say that in this way the American republics would be best able to realize their desire to aid the United States in the existing emergency. But the wording, coupled with what was widely regarded here as Mexico's failure to derive greater profit from the financial settlement with the United States, seemed to indicate a subservience to Washington that was extremely galling. This is not to say that Mexicans are trying to be mercenary at American expense; but the national policy of any country is seldom conspicuously identified with pure altruism, and many Mexicans felt that the war was providing an opportunity of which the nation was not taking full advantage. At any rate, I have yet to talk to a Mexican of any class or occupation who was not deeply mortified by the Padilla statement.

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The discouraging course of the war in the Pacific has naturally given rise to preoccupation about defense. Here the government has shown a full disposition to march shoulder to shoulder with the United States. It has granted the facilities of harbors and landing fields; it has concluded a defense agreement with Washington; it is strengthening, so far as limited resources will permit, its coastal defenses; it is acquiring some modern equipment for its army and few naval vessels; and it has appointed General Cárdenas to supreme command of the Pacific Zone.

These measures, important as they are, have not been reinforced with anything like an adequate mobilization of popular sentiment for the war. Apart from a few frigid official pronouncements, the government has done little to create a broad democratic front or to rouse the people to the urgency of an uncompromising anti-fascist stand. On the contrary, many genuine anti-fascists have been removed from government service or shunted into minor posts in response to the conservative clamor for a purge of the Cárdenas "Communists," and certain men whose fascist sympathies are well known and scarcely disguised have been elevated to positions of authority. The appointment of General Cárdenas was indeed a gesture to the left, but his scope of action has been seriously circumscribed by political enemies in the capital, who dread any activity tending to increase his prominence in public and political life.

What is wrong, then, with Mexico's reactions to the war? Simply that the country does not yet realize that this is its war quite as much as it is anyone else's and that its own independence is bound up with the defeat of the Axis. An anti-fascist war can be won only by people who are sincerely anti-fascist, and anti-fascism is not nourished by discouraging liberalism at home. A total war against fascism requires a rooting out of all fascist tendencies in the rear lines and the widest possible extension of democratic methods and policies. The present regime in Mexico has shown an unhappy disposition to give greater attention to the opinions of the anti-democratic minority than to maintaining the people's advance toward participation in national affairs which was Cárdenas's real achievement. And unless the energies and convictions of the common people are fully enlisted, Mexico will be exerting only a fraction of its potential power for a democratic victory.

Jews After the War

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

II

I OFFER "a" solution rather than "the" solution to the problem of anti-Semitism precisely because a prerequisite for any solution of a basic social problem is the understanding that there is no perfectly satisfactory formula. A perennial problem of human relations can be dealt with on many levels of social and moral achievements, but not in such a way that new perplexities will not emerge upon each new level. The tendency of modern culture to find pat answers and panaceas for vexing problems—one aspect of its inveterate utopianism—has confused rather than clarified most issues with which it has occupied itself.

I have previously suggested that the problem of the relation of the Jews to our Western democratic world calls for at least two different approaches. We must on the one hand preserve and if possible extend the democratic standards of tolerance and of cultural and racial pluralism which allow the Jews *Lebensraum* as a nation among the nations. We must on the other hand support more generously than in the past the legitimate aspiration of Jews for a "homeland" in which they will not be simply tolerated but which they will possess. The type of liberalism which fights for and with the Jews on the first battle line but leaves them to fight alone on the second is informed by an unrealistic universalism. If its presuppositions are fully analyzed it will be discovered that they rest upon the hope that history is moving forward to a universal culture which will eliminate all particularities and every collective uniqueness, whether rooted in nature or in history. History has perennially refuted this hope.

The late Justice Louis D. Brandeis illustrated in his person and his ideas exactly what we mean by this double strategy. Brandeis was first a great American, whose contributions to our national life prove that justice to the Jew is also a service to democracy in that it allows democracy to profit from the peculiar gifts of the Jew—in the case of Brandeis and many another leader, the Hebraic-prophetic passion for social justice. But Brandeis was also a Zionist; his belief in the movement was regarded by some of his friends, both Gentile and Jewish, as an aberration that one had to condone in an otherwise sane and worthy man. Brandeis's Zionism sprang from his understanding of an aspect of human existence to which most of his fellow-liberals were blind. He understood "that whole peoples have an individuality no less marked than that of single persons, that the individuality of a

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people is irrepressible, and that the misnamed internationalism which seeks the elimination of nationalities or peoples is unattainable. The new nationalism proclaims that each race or people has a right and duty to develop, and that only through such differentiated development will high civilization be attained."* Brandeis understood in 1916 what some of his fellow-Jews did not learn until 1933 and what many a Gentile liberal will never learn. "We Jews," he said, "are a distinct nationality, of which every Jew is necessarily a member. Let us insist that the struggle for liberty shall not cease until equal opportunity is accorded to nationalities as to individuals."

It must be emphasized that any program which recognizes the rights of Jews as a nationality and which sees in Zionism a legitimate demand for the recognition of these rights must at the same time support the struggle for the rights of Jews as citizens in the nations in which they are now established or may be established. This strategy is demanded, if for no other reason, because there is no possibility that Palestine will ever absorb all the Jews of the world. Even if it were physically able to absorb them, we know very well that migrations never develop as logically as this. I cannot judge whether Zionist estimates of the millions which a fully developed Palestine could absorb are correct. They seem to me to err on the side of optimism. But in any case it would be fantastic to assume that all Jews could or would find their way to Palestine, even in the course of many centuries.

It is more important, however, to consider what democracy owes to its own ideals of justice and to its own quality as a civilization than what it owes to the Jews. Neither democracy nor any other civilization pretending to maturity can afford to capitulate to the tendency in collective life which would bring about unity by establishing a simple homogeneity. We must not underestimate this tendency as a perennial factor in man's social life. Nor must we fail to understand the logic behind it. Otherwise we shall become involved in the futile task of seeking to prove that minority groups are not really as bad as their critics accuse them of being, instead of understanding that minority groups are thought "bad" only because they diverge from the dominant type and affront that type by their divergence. But to yield to this tendency would be to allow civilization to be swallowed up in primitivism, for the effort to return to the simple unity of tribal life is a primitive urge of which Nazism is the most consistent, absurd, and dangerous contemporary expression. In the case of the Jews, with their peculiar relation to the modern world and the peculiar contributions which they have made to every aspect of modern culture and civilization, any relaxation of democratic standards would also mean robbing our civilization of the special gifts which they have developed as a nation among the nations.

The necessity for a second strategy in dealing with the Jewish problem stems from certain aspects of the collective life of men which the modern situation has brought into tragic relief. The Jews require a homeland, if for no other reason, because even the most generous immigration laws of the Western democracies will not permit all the dispossessed Jews of Europe to find a haven in which they may look forward to a tolerable future. When I say the most "generous" immigration laws, I mean, of course, "generous" only within terms of political exigencies. It must be observed that the liberals of the Western world maintain a conspiracy of silence on this point. They do not dare to work for immigration laws generous enough to cope with the magnitude of the problem which the Jewish race faces. They are afraid of political repercussions, tacitly acknowledging that their theories do not square with the actual facts. Race prejudice, the intolerance of a dominant group toward a minority group, is a more powerful and more easily aroused force than they dare admit.

A much weightier justification of Zionism is that every race finally has a right to a homeland where it will not be "different," where it will neither be patronized by "good" people nor subjected to calumny by bad people. Of course many Jews have achieved a position in democratic nations in which the disabilities from which they suffer as a minority group are comparatively insignificant in comparison with the prestige which they have won. A democratic world would not disturb them. Their situation would actually be eased to an even further degree if the racial survival impulse were primarily engaged in Palestine. Religious and cultural divergences alone do not present a serious problem, particularly under traditions of cultural pluralism. But there are millions of Jews, not only in the democratic world but in the remnants of the feudal world, such as Poland and the Balkans, who ought to have a chance to escape from the almost intolerable handicaps to which they are subjected. One reason why Jews suffer more than any other minority is that they bear the brunt of two divergences from type, religious and racial, and it is idle for Jews or Gentiles to speculate about which is the primary source of prejudice. Either would suffice, but the prejudice is compounded when both divergences are involved.

Zionist aspirations, it seems to me, deserve a more generous support than they have been accorded by liberal and democratic groups in Western countries. Non-Zionist Jews have erred in being apologetic or even hostile to these aspirations on the ground that their open expression might imperil rights painfully won in the democratic world. Non-Jewish liberals have erred equally in regarding Zionism as nothing but the vestigial remnant of an ancient religious dream, the unfortunate aberration of a hard-pressed people.

Whether the Jews will be allowed to develop a genuine homeland under their own sovereignty, within the

* From an essay first published in 1916 and reprinted by the *Jewish Frontier* in its October, 1941, issue.

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framework of the British Empire, depends solely upon the amount of support which they secure in the two great democracies, for those democracies will have it in their power, if Hitler is defeated, to make the necessary political arrangements. The influence of the American government will be indirect but none the less effective—which is why American public opinion on this issue cannot be a matter of indifference. It is obviously no easy matter for British statecraft to give the proper assurances and to make basic arrangements for the future while it is forced to deal with a vast and complex Arab world still in danger of falling under the sway of the Nazis. Yet it must be observed that the Arabs achieved freedom and great possessions in the last war, and that this war, in the event of victory for the United Nations, will increase the extent and cohesion of their realm. The Anglo-Saxon hegemony that is bound to exist in the event of an Axis defeat will be in a position to see to it that Palestine is set aside for the Jews, that the present restrictions on immigration are abrogated, and that the Arabs are otherwise compensated.

Zionist leaders are unrealistic in insisting that their demands entail no "injustice" to the Arab population since Jewish immigration has brought new economic strength to Palestine. It is absurd to expect any people to regard the restriction of their sovereignty over a traditional possession as "just," no matter how many other benefits accrue from that abridgment. What is demanded in this instance is a policy which offers a just solution of an intricate problem faced by a whole civilization. The solution must, and can, be made acceptable to the Arabs if it is incorporated into a total settlement of the issues of the Mediterranean and Near Eastern world; and it need not be unjust to the Arabs in the long run if the same "imperial" policy which establishes the Jewish homeland also consolidates and unifies the Arab world. One may hope that this will not be done by making the Jewish homeland a part of an essentially Arab federation.

It must be noted in conclusion that there are both Jews and Gentiles who do not believe that Palestine is a desirable locus for a Jewish homeland though they do believe that a homeland must be created. They contend that there is as yet no evidence of Palestine's ability to maintain an independent economic existence without subsidies; that the cooperative agricultural ventures of the Jews, impressive in quality but not in size, offer no hope of a solid agricultural basis for the national economy; that the enmity of the Arab world would require the constant interposition of imperial arms; that the resources of Palestine could not support the millions whom the Zionists hope to settle there; and that the tendency to use Arab agricultural labor may once more create a Jewish urban caste. It is difficult to know to what degree such criticisms are justified. The fact that 25 per cent of the Jewish settlers in Palestine are engaged in agriculture tends to refute the argument that the Palestinian economy has no adequate agricultural base. The criticism that Palestine cannot, under the most favorable circumstances, absorb all the Jews who must find a new home and security after the war is more serious. However, even if fully borne out, it would not affect the thesis that the Jews require a homeland. It would simply raise the question whether a different, or an additional, region should be chosen. It is barely possible that a location ought to be found in Europe.

The whole matter is so important that it should be explored by an international commission, consisting of both Jews and Gentiles, both Zionists and non-Zionists. The Jews were the first, as they have been the chief, victims of Nazi fury. Their rehabilitation, like the rehabilitation of every Nazi victim, requires something more than the restoration of the *status quo ante*. We must consider this task one of the most important among the many problems of post-war reconstruction. We cannot, in justice either to ourselves or to the Jews, dismiss it from our conscience.

[*The first part of this article was published last week.*]

Recognition

BY RICHARD ARMOUR

Stalin gets nine more words in the 1942 edition of the British "Who's Who" than he did in the 1941 edition.—NEWS ITEM.

They didn't call him comrade
And they had no medal struck
When he might have left the Kremlin flat,
Instead of having stuck.

They didn't send him shillings
And they didn't dub him knight
For turning back the Nazi hordes
And putting them to flight.

They didn't ask him over,
Nor name their children Joe,
Because he kept on taking towns
In forty-odd below.

But you can trust the British,
From commoner to king,
To recognize accomplishment
And do the handsome thing.

And that is why the editors
Of Britain's proud "Who's Who"
Bestowed on Stalin nine more words
In nineteen forty-two.

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No Obligations

BY IDA TREAT

IT'S not the principle, it's the person—" Mrs. Wason said for the second time. There she stuck. She had no idea what to say next. The Club expected her to find a solution. She was perfectly aware of that. She was their president. She stood by the oak table, twisting and untwisting the chain of her lorgnon.

Young Mrs. Cotton, who sat facing her, lifted her chin from its nest of silver fox. "The person generally *is* to blame, don't you think?" she asked helpfully.

Mrs. Wason flushed, and Mrs. Philip Nycey, who was acting as secretary, stopped scribbling a row of *M's* across the top of a blank sheet of note paper. "This is a very unpleasant predicament for us *all*," she emphasized.

"In other words," young Mrs. Cotton's tone was as silky as her furs, "the refugee-as-an-idea and the refugee-in-the-flesh have proved to be two quite distinct and contradictory—"

"Ladies, members of Current Events!" Mrs. Wason found her voice again and plunged headlong into her speech, spacing her breathing like a singer. "I am sure none of us regret our generous effort (breath) in behalf of the unhappy victims of aggression (breath) even though today we are confronted—"

"—with the person," young Mrs. Cotton cut in pertly. Some of the younger members tittered. Mrs. Wason brought up short, sails flapping. The look she gave the girl with the silver foxes was heavy with reproach. The chain of her lorgnon wriggled in knots among the frills of her jabot.

"I didn't mean to sound unkind," she faltered, and then and there decided to give up her speech. "Whatever shall we do with her?" she asked helplessly. Then she stepped behind the table and sat down.

Mrs. Nycey gave a disapproving cough, and someone in the back row remarked: "If we had taken a child as I suggested—"

Mrs. Wason tried to look as if she had not heard. She avoided the eye of the secretary, who was trying to get her attention. Whereupon Mrs. Nycey shrugged her shoulders none too graciously and answered for her.

"As I remember, we were all agreed—a child would have been too permanent. The Club was in no position to assume the responsibility. ("How well she does it," thought Mrs. Wason. "Why didn't they make her president?") We chose an adult refugee because helping an adult had the advantage of being temporary."

"Or so we thought," young Mrs. Cotton corrected. "We weren't anticipating Miss Lipovska."

Mrs. Nycey rapped the table with her pencil. "I am sure no one forgets what Miss Lipovska has been through."

Mrs. Wason looked troubled. She wondered whether she herself had not forgotten. She recalled the day Miss Lipovska told the Club of her escape from burning Warsaw and her spectacular flight across Europe. The members had listened spellbound. They all wanted the privilege of entertaining Miss Lipovska. They were none too pleased when their president carried her off, a little dazed and tearfully grateful at such a competitive display of friendliness.

That was three months ago. Since then, other members besides the president had entertained their refugee. Today she was back again at Mrs. Wason's. As the last hostess pointed out, Mrs. Wason had the biggest house. Since Miss Lipovska's return Mrs. Wason had been obliged to change housemaids. Now the new one was threatening to leave. That was what had precipitated the meeting.

Mrs. Wason was aware she had let Mrs. Nycey take the meeting away from her. Not that she minded personally. But perhaps it was not fair to the Club. The Club had not wanted Mrs. Nycey for president, though she would have made an efficient one. A little too aggressively efficient, Mrs. Wason decided. She stopped twisting her lorgnon chain and rose to answer a member who wanted to know why a job had not yet been found for Miss Lipovska. Mrs. Wason referred the question to the Refugee Committee.

The chairman reported her committee had been active. It was not their fault if Miss Lipovska spoke French so queerly that no one wanted her as a teacher. The chairman had tried her out on her own children—and in a week they were pronouncing all their *l's* like *w's!* Miss Lipovska admitted she did not know any grammar. She had learned to speak French as a child. What was more, she hadn't the faintest notion of how to handle children. The committee doubted if Miss Lipovska was really fitted to teach anything.

"She can talk," said a voice.

"Oh, can she!" This from young Mrs. Cotton. "Neither Milton nor I got any sleep when she stayed with us. She'd sit up until all hours—"

"All Slavs are like that. They never go to bed," put in Mrs. Nycey.

"—talking and smoking. Cigarette ashes over everything."

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"I know," nodded the chairman. "Stubs on the rugs and setting wastebaskets on fire—"

"I don't like to criticize a guest, but—" began Mrs. Wason, who was thinking of her housemaid.

Young Mrs. Cotton caught her up. "What I would like to know is—is or is not Miss Lipovska a guest?"

"One would think she was," sighed the chairman. "At my house she never lifted a hand. She'd leave her bed unmade all day rather than do it herself."

Mrs. Nycey made herself heard again. "Miss Lipovska is used to servants."

"I know—four maids and a chauffeur and a villa in Zacopani. I'm so *tired* of her villa in Zacopani."

"She hasn't a villa any longer," Mrs. Wason reminded.

"She has a mink coat," Mrs. Nycey said suddenly. The Club looked startled, as if Mrs. Nycey had set Miss Lipovska in their midst like a Godiva in furs.

Mrs. Wason frowned. "It's the one thing of value she has left."

Mrs. Nycey predicted the coat would soon lose its value.

"She sits around in it all day like a house cat. It's a shame the way she treats it. I couldn't afford a mink coat."

Someone asked why Miss Lipovska did not sell her coat.

Mrs. Nycey raised her eyebrows. "She doesn't feel she has to."

Mrs. Wason called them to order. She thought they were getting away from the subject. Had no one an idea? Couldn't they think of some sort of work for Miss Lipovska?

The chairman of the Refugee Committee recapitulated: "She can't teach. She never would do in an office. I'm sure no one would keep her a day as a saleswoman. She doesn't know how to sew. She never cooked anything in her life."

"Couldn't she be a companion?" someone suggested.

The chairman shook her head. "She's the kind that hires companions. And you could scarcely ask her to work as a charwoman."

"Not in a mink coat!" Mrs. Nycey added she was sure the coat had prejudiced people. They took Miss Lipovska for one of the well-to-do refugees—like the man who wanted Philip to pay such a lot of money for doing something secret to rubber, and all the time he was living at the Waldorf. A lot of them lived at the Waldorf.

"Haven't you *any* suggestions?" Mrs. Wason's voice had a panicky ring. She scanned the faces before her hopefully.

Nobody ventured a remark except young Mrs. Cotton, who suggested frivolously that they might try to marry off Miss Lipovska. Mrs. Wason knew they were all thinking: You got us into this. It's for you to find a way out. She tried to steel herself with the thought of the cigarette ashes, the unmade bed, the tub Miss Lipovska always neglected to clean after her bath—and the housemaid who said that morning she wasn't hired to be the foreign lady's personal maid. In spite of herself, she kept seeing Miss Lipovska, with her frightened eyes and brown-stained fingers, homeless and helpless, huddled like a sick bird in her wrappings of expensive fur. It made Mrs. Wason feel like crying—for Miss Lipovska and herself. She awoke to the fact that Mrs. Nycey had taken over the meeting again.

"I think the time has come to speak straight out," began the secretary. "We can't go on forever being sentimental. It gives refugees the impression that we owe them something. We're not responsible for what the Germans did. We're under no obligations. Miss Lipovska can't expect the Club to support her for the rest of her life. None of us here would expect strangers to support us."

"We leave that to our husbands," murmured young Mrs. Cotton.

Mrs. Nycey ignored the remark. "We have nothing to reproach ourselves with. We welcomed Miss Lipovska into our homes and gave her three months' vacation. She must realize the vacation is ended."

"So what?" thought Mrs. Wason. She felt guiltier and guiltier as she listened.

It seemed Mrs. Nycey had a plan for Miss Lipovska. She had not mentioned it before, since no one had asked for her advice. If she proposed it now, it was out of loyalty to their president. Everyone knew that the president had too big a heart.

Mrs. Wason caught herself wondering whether she had a heart. Would she have called the meeting if she had?

"The first thing, Miss Lipovska must sell her coat," Mrs. Nycey said firmly. "She can't expect a big price for it, but the money she will get should be sufficient to pay for a good wool one and keep her through the winter if she's careful."

Here Mrs. Wason interrupted. "You're not suggesting she pay board to me?"

"Of course not." Mrs. Nycey explained she had first thought of taking Miss Lipovska into her own home, to relieve Mrs. Wason. She had no guest room. She would have had to put Miss Lipovska on a couch in the hall. "And that would not give her the sense of independence she needs, now would it?"

Mrs. Wason nodded no, emphatically. She could not imagine herself feeling independent on a couch in the hall at Mrs. Nycey's.

Mrs. Nycey looked gratified. "And so I had to think up a better plan. There's that little Polish baker on Elm Street, the one who makes the nice meat patties. I spoke to him tentatively and he's quite agreed. He will let

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Miss Lipovska a little room over his shop. Cheaply too. I told him it was for a refugee."

"Do you think Miss Lipovska will like—"

"She can't help but like it. The room is quite acceptable, and, besides, she'll be among her own people. We all know what that means."

Mrs. Wason was not quite sure that she did. Listening to Mrs. Nycey made her somehow feel it was more than a matter of language. Young Mrs. Cotton broke in with the very question she wanted to ask.

"And when Miss Lipovska's money is spent?"

Mrs. Nycey said she thought that was looking too far ahead. The main thing was to help Miss Lipovska to her feet and make her feel her independence. "When she is definitely on her own, she'll enjoy looking about to find a place for herself. I'm convinced, too, the baker will do something eventually. It ought to be a matter of national pride for him. He may let her help out in the shop."

Mrs. Wason felt her cheeks tingle. She stole a look at the Club. They were listening as they had listened that other time, when Miss Lipovska first came and spoke. Young Mrs. Cotton's gaze met hers, a pair of bold young eyes above a faintly ironical smile. Mrs. Wason looked away.

When Mrs. Nycey's plan was put to vote it carried without a dissenting voice. The Club moved a vote of thanks to the secretary and appointed her a committee of one to put the plan into effect.

"If it doesn't work, why not try arsenic?" young Mrs. Cotton suggested. Mrs. Nycey was frankly shocked. She saw no humor in cynicism, she said afterward to Mrs. Wason.

As president, Mrs. Wason took no part in the votes. She felt she must speak to Mrs. Nycey, but it took her some time making up her mind what to say. Nearly everyone had left when she moved over to the secretary's chair. Even then she hesitated, tugging at the chain of her lorgnon. But not for long.

"Have you anyone in mind . . . for Miss Lipovska's coat, Mildred?" she asked.

Mrs. Nycey, who was writing down the notes of the meeting, answered vaguely that she really hadn't thought. Though now that Mrs. Wason spoke of it; "Perhaps I might get Philip to buy it," she said, laying down her pencil. "Three hundred dollars at the outside—that would be a fair price, don't you think, and a lot of money for Miss Lipovska."

Something beat quickly under Mrs. Wason's satin frills. When she spoke her voice shook a little, but there was purpose behind it. "I'll be glad to contribute half myself—but the coat *must go back to Miss Lipovska afterward.*"

She hoped she sounded fierce enough to make Mrs. Nycey understand.

In the Wind

A PLAN TO OVERCOME the geographical obstacles to bombing Japan and at the same time to take advantage of Russia's neutrality in the Pacific war is being widely discussed in Washington government circles. American bombers and flying fortresses would take off from Alaska or the Aleutian Islands and bombard Tokyo. Instead of trying to return to their bases, they would go on to Vladivostok, where the Russians would be forced, under their present agreement with Japan, to intern the planes. The presence of American bombers and fighting planes in Vladivostok might discourage Japan from making an early attack on the Soviet Union and would, in any event, enable the Russians to release a good part of their Eastern defense for use against the Nazis. And finally, Soviet military men could study the design of the flying fortresses, none of which have reached Russia as yet.

THE LEAGUE for the Rights of Man, the international civil-liberties organization which formerly had its headquarters in Paris, will soon be reorganized here.

A LARGE DISTRIBUTOR of magazines and newspapers in Chicago, the Post Office News Company, discontinued the sale of several magazines a few days ago after America's entry into war. When the editors of *Partisan Review* inquired why their publication was no longer being distributed, they learned that Post Office News had dropped all left-wing magazines for the duration of the war.

RECENT REPORTS that John L. Lewis and David Dubinsky intend to cooperate gained further credibility with the recent appointment of Emil Schlesinger as attorney for District 50 of the United Mine Workers. Lewis has been concentrating most of his energies on District 50 in recent months, and Schlesinger, a friend of Dubinsky's, has for several years been counsel to the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union.

THE CANADIAN NATIONALIST PARTY, an avowedly fascist group, is still functioning. Recently it distributed thousands of copies of its program throughout the dominion. While not openly pro-Hitler so far as the war is concerned, the statement boasts that the party wants for Canada an internal regime modeled on that of Nazi Germany.

THE NEW YORK *WORLD-TELEGRAM,* which has been running an editorial almost every day demanding that all social-welfare work be eliminated from civilian defense, has at the same time been running a series called This Too Is Defense by Jay Nelson Tuck. The point of the series is that child-training and physical-fitness programs and adult education are essential to civilian defense.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Chirico, the Etruscans, and Others

THE STORY OF MODERN ART. By Sheldon Cheney. The Viking Press. $5.

THE EARLY CHIRICO. By James Thrall Soby. Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.

AMERICANS 1942: 18 ARTISTS FROM 9 STATES. Edited by Dorothy C. Miller. The Museum of Modern Art. $2.

THEY TAUGHT THEMSELVES: AMERICAN PRIMITIVE PAINTERS OF THE 20th CENTURY. By Sidney Janis. Foreword by Alfred H. Barr, Jr. The Dial Press. $3.50.

ETRUSCAN SCULPTURE. Phaidon Edition. The Oxford University Press. $3.50.

CONSIDERING the enormous prestige, recognition, and popularity modern art has won and boasted during the past two decades—its success in dramatizing the struggles, conflicts, and ambitions of artists for the general public, its controversies and battles, its skill in bringing the whole range of contemporary scientific interest, ideological enthusiasms, and historical curiosity within the range of plastic expression, its establishment of works by Cézanne, Van Gogh, and Gauguin as household classics, and the success of even the wildest aberrations of surrealism in drawing record crowds to galleries and influencing popular taste—it is startling to hear that Mr. Cheney was moved to write his latest compendium only "two or three years ago" by a museum director who told him he still thought "modern art is all a racket" and by the fact that about the same time "a patron of the arts in Chicago [the socially prominent dowager and poetess, Mrs. Frank G. Logan, whose verses are warmly admired by the local press] had organized a movement and was spending her money freely to combat the advance of modernism, under a banner inscribed 'Sanity in Art.' " He thereupon undertook to write a book to convert "the form-blind," those who continue to "see and read pictures" rather than "see and experience" them. The "Story of Modern Art" that has resulted, a large book of over 600 pages, is frankly a "story" on the scale and level of the well-standardized stories of philosophy, science, and literature that have become endemic to our age. His hope is to win a public which has hitherto been given too many "mystifying and alienating" treatises—"including my own."

At this late date such a book from the hands of a competent defender of causes like Mr. Cheney is to be welcomed, but only after admitting that propaganda's work is never done and that Mr. Cheney's numerous predecessors in evangelism were either pioneers who wrote too soon or sophisticated specialists who wrote too preciously and even sooner. It isn't too easy to do this. There may always be room for another good general history of painting since the time of David and Ingres; but Mr. Cheney has been preceded by a number of able chroniclers as well as by various specialists who have not only made his work possible but who have provided the kind of serious analysis and criticism which the public needs today much more than it needs the loosely defensive propaganda and overwrought storyizings that have more to do with museum publicity and dealers' profits than with the serious judgment and appreciation of artists and pictures. One may say of Mr. Cheney's book that at best it satisfies its purpose by being attractively readable, historically colorful, lively in arrangement and dramatic contrasts, never blatantly vulgarizing in the manner of Burton Rascoe, prejudiced like Meier-Graefe, or slipshodly combative like C. J. Bulliet; but that conversely it shows how the synthesis, digesting, and persistence necessary to so vast a project are bound to lead to an overworking of epithets, a flagging of discriminations, a continuous wavering of the line that separates specific analysis and critical tact from propagandist enthusiasm, a straining of pedagogical zeal, and a scattering of critical force and taste through an eagerness to do justice to the claims of almost every type and school of painting that has appeared in the last 150 years. And one must add that Mr. Cheney's survey, however serviceable in a worthy cause, is hardly the best job of its kind. It does not show the workable apparatus of terms and the vigorous historical grasp of R. H. Wilenski's books, the analytical virtues of men like Salmon, Read, and Einstein, or the penetrating insight and originality that intensify both style and content in the books of Roger Fry. It is one of the best products of the propagandist wing of current aesthetic publicity and may without qualms be placed in the hands of the prejudiced and uninitiated—provided they are given to understand that its spirited chapters remain, even as late as 1942, more in the nature of first words on their subjects than last, and that the time has now arrived when last words are within the reach of the best historians and critics in this field.

Mr. Soby's book on the early work of Chirico comes opportunely to hand as an example of what the serious critic can do when he tempers propaganda—Mr. Soby presents himself as an ardent pleader for his hero—with serious formal and historical criticism. The problem he defines in Chirico is exemplary. Chirico's paintings of the past two decades are the work of a talent in tragic disintegration, showing not only the deterioration of one of the most powerful creative visions of our century but a fatal distraction by the personal and professional conflicts through which he has lived. His imagery has lapsed into sterile formulation, his "classicism" into banality, his symbols into an almost complete enervation of what was once an absolutely authoritative plastic and poetic genius. Mr. Soby deals slightly with this problem of deterioration, but his chief business is to define the origins and growth of Chirico's great gifts during his formative and mature years, between 1906 when the artist was only eighteen and 1917 when he came to the end of his precocious fruition and began to revise, adapt, and disfigure his own canvases in a fashion that seems to have destroyed both his imaginative confidence and his actual technical skill. In Chirico at his greatest there appeared a brilliant fusion of

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the romantic, symbolic, and metaphysical capacities of the modern sensibility. He superbly summarized the elements of classic perspective, imagery, and form; he epitomized the psychic crisis of our times so intensely as to make his work the fountainhead of new possibilities in design and iconography (he might be called a Rimbaud among painters, and like Rimbaud he shows up at a glance most of his descendants, the surrealists, for the dabblers and decadents they are); he perfected certain condensations of imagery and allegory—supremely in the "Chirico city" with its unforgettable squares, arcades, wharves, statues, towers, engines, and unearthly skies—that succeeded in extracting both from his original experience of nature and from such sources as Raphael, the Renaissance landscapists, Courbet, and Böcklin the central essence of a major tradition, loosely called the "romantic," whose strength he passed on to fellow-artists as various as Picasso, Braque, Ernst, Duchamp, Berman, and the egregious Dali. His finest canvases are unquestionably among the greatest things in twentieth-century art. And Mr. Soby's well-written, reasonably argued, carefully discriminating study is one of the best monographs in its field in recent years—exactly what was needed to bring the genius of Chirico into line with the significant developments of his age and to fix him as one of its most decisive and influential inventors.

The eighteen Americans currently exhibited at the Museum of Modern Art show as well as any recent collection the always astonishing technical competence and stylistic varieties of present-day American art. But the competence either scatters into a baffling eclecticism or exists so self-sufficiently as to preclude intensity and depth of personal vision, and the styles in most cases need only to be measured by work like Chirico's to reveal themselves as ungrounded in any recognizable power of sensibility or concept. None of these painters goes in for the stultifying documentary realism that has become a bane in American studios. Some of them—Breinin, Austin, Lebrun, Howard—show skill in the devising of original forms and images; some—Hirsch, Martin, Chapin, Siporin—in naturalistic derivation; one, Emma Lu Davis, the sculptor, has a deft hand in symbolic fancies and shows great cleverness in bringing her mediums into a characterizing play with her themes; one symbolist of fantastic tendencies, Graves, is not embarrassed by comparison with Arp and Klee. But the mark of derivation and understudy is so continuously present among these craftsmen, the submersion of insight by medium and craft is so deliberately patented an appeal among their exhibits, that when their talent for diverting and entertaining the spectator is spent, they show few of the solider satisfactions we have a right to expect of a display of national proportions. What they show too often, in fact, is the compressing of a great fund of natural talent and craftsmanship into the Procrustean molds of fashionable styles, fads, and mannerisms; the servility of their attitudes goes to extremes in the work of Merrild, Medellin, the thickly racial designs of Bloom and Levine, the glib fantasies—she calls it "classicism" but allows the new coinage "postsurrealism"—of Helen Lundeberg. Anyone might own with pleasure the pictures of Graves, Breinin, and Lebrun, but it would be hard to grant house room to the pretentious spooks of Darrel Austin or the exhausting action studies of Fletcher Martin. And it is quite likely that close living with most of these pictures would bring one to realize the sterility and fragmentary intelligence that are still present in most of the modern styles they ape or suggest.

Nor is it likely that a very great refreshment of vision and craftsmanship will come from what Mr. Janis presents as our modern American "self-taught" artists—"non-professionals," "popular painters," "folk-artists," "instinctives," "naives," and "naive-primitives" are discussed by him as alternative names for the race whose patron saint is the *douanier* Rousseau, who now receives his first large-scale American exhibition at the Chicago Institute. The reversion to primitive models in modern painting and literature has had its usefulness, but it is a usefulness easily overestimated, notoriously so by Frank Crowninshield when he devotes a panegyric to John Kane as "a magnificent paradox," "an immigrant day laborer who had no time to paint, no money to paint, no earthly provocation or encouragement to paint," yet now stands revealed as "the most significant painter America has produced during the past quarter-century." To mistake the work of this order of painter with that of a genuine creative talent is to show the lamest and most prejudiced of all contemporary hostilities—the hostility toward reasonable intelligence and culture which leads André Breton to say that the "four poles of attraction" in modern art are "primitive sculpture, children's art, paintings done in psychic states, and the artistic work of the insane." We may go as far as we like in admitting the suggestive, cleansing, and restorative value of these sources without going to the length of making either a cult or a major historical issue of illiteracy and regressive innocence, both of which lead us right back to where the dogma of the primitive or pre-conscious has always led in the past, whether in poetry or the plastic arts. If authentic models of the primitive are wanted they still exist in genuinely fruitful forms, and they are likely to be much less confusing when found in the actual past than in the mentally arrested or emotionally retarded present.

The latest volume in the superb Phaidon series offers a convenient means of studying one of the great inheritances from antiquity whose bearings on the modern sensibility is a case in point. These fine photographs show the full range of Etruscan invention in stone, bronze, pottery, and wood; they include the dynamically rudimentary stylization and symbolism of the earlier centuries and the heightened realism and psychological penetration of the later figures and portraits, and they readily reveal what Professor Goldscheider emphasizes as the informing element of all Etruscan creation—the "transcendental" character of its religion and vision: "they had . . . to depict essentials, not aspects solely; not once-for-all and fleeting impressions, nor yet the sum of all impressions, for they had to show the underlying reality which the phenomena express." The "expressionist" nature of their art thus becomes emphasized in its relevance to the modern creative ambition, and it is impossible to miss the subtle balance between abstract values and suggestive or symbolic revelation, between idea and physiognomic intensity, that brings this tradition into line with the most serious archaistic sympathies of the modern craftsman. Goldscheider provides an elaborate critical apparatus in his preface, notes, and bibliography. Specialists will find him guilty of a con-

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siderable simplification of his problems in his prefatory essay (one may be warned of some of the limitations of the Phaidon series in this respect by a severe criticism of the recent volume on Michelangelo's sculptures by Professor Wittkower in the *Burlington Magazine* for April, 1941); but for the general reader and practicing artist no more beautiful introduction to Etruscan art exists at the moment, no more convenient opportunity for becoming aware of what a radical difference exists between genuine archaism of matter and spirit and the wasteful archaistic derivation which has occasionally refreshed but more often stultified by pedantry and puerile mannerism the obsessions of novelty and originality among modern artists. Years ago, in writing about the Florentines Berenson made a distinction between true and false archaism in painting, calling in the example of Degas by way of modern illustration of the true. It is still a valid and necessary distinction, if only because its usefulness recurs in the continuously imperative problem of distinguishing between style and cliché, mastery and talent, art and entertainment, true vision and an eye for public susceptibility, in the art around us today. MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

Poor White

FIRE IN SUMMER. By Robert Ramsey. The Viking Press. $2.50.

"FIRE IN SUMMER," by Robert Ramsey, is a very interesting and exciting novel which is embarrassed by a peculiarly tactless and offensive blurb. "Because Mr. Ramsey is a Southerner, writing of Southern people and employing that speech . . . heard only in the back-country districts, his book will be called 'regional.' It will be compared to Caldwell and Faulkner. . . . In a sense it is regional, and in a measure it is akin to the work of other Southern writers. But Ramsey's tragic hero transcends the narrow bounds of regionalism. . . ." This is precisely the sort of nonsense which infected a good many of the reviews of Eudora Welty's excellent "A Curtain of Green" or Katherine Anne Porter's "Pale Horse, Pale Rider." If a book happens to be good, it "transcends" regionalism. This is like saying that if a man can run a hundred yards in ten seconds he "transcends" the fact that he has two legs.

Regionalism is a descriptive term; it may be taken to describe a certain type of material used by a writer or to describe a certain complex of attitudes exhibited by a writer. But the word can be made to make critical sense only if one understands it in its more fundamental social reference. Even then it is useful only to define something about the nature of a literary work and not its degree of excellence. This is no place to discuss regionalism, and it should be unnecessary at this date to point out that the adjective "regional" as applied to a novel carries no implication in regard to the excellence of the work. But the nameless blurb writer has here implied that Faulkner, for instance, is *merely* regional—therefore limited, inferior, etc.—while Ramsey "transcends" regionalism.

Now one factor which contributes heavily to Faulkner's superiority over Ramsey—it is an unfair comparison, for this is a first novel and Faulkner is a veteran, but the comparison is forced on us by the blurb writer and by certain aspects of

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Ramsey's own method—is that Faulkner is not less, but more, "regional." That is, he understands his regionalism in terms of the history of his region and in terms of the values which are competing not only in Southern but in American society, while most of the so-called regional writers are content merely to report a special way of life and a special sociological situation. But Faulkner's concern with the history of his region and with the conflict of values in Southern society provides the forms in which the psychological and ethical issues are dramatized. However, the theme of "Fire in Summer"—"the hatred of the poor white for the Negro," as the blurb tells us—is treated almost entirely at the sociological level.

We have the story of a poor white farmer who comes down into the rich bottom lands of Arkansas to find himself squeezed by a system based on Negro labor, and who takes out his frustration in irrational violence. This may be a valid piece of sociological commentary as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough to provide a real center for the novel. For instance, the hero, we are given to understand, had always been the same fury-possessed man, even before he left the hill country, where he was not in competition with Negroes. Spence Lovell's attitude toward Negroes is the effect of a complex set of causes; and the novelist should, if he is to explore a depth beyond the sociological threshold, give us an understanding of these causes. But he delineates, instead, the pattern of effect. And this pattern is mechanical rather than organic; that is, each instance tends to recapitulate the meaning of previous instances, without enriching the meaning. The character is "flat"; it repeats its formula in action, but without shading, reservation, complexity, irony, or internal tension. Ultimately, Spence Lovell has no story.

It might have been effective for the author to show the fury of Spence Lovell thus simplified when it manifests itself in the white-Negro situation, where Lovell appears in a social role, if he had played off this simplification against a complexity in the manifestations of fury when Lovell appears in a private role, in relation to his family, for example. But Lovell's fury is as mechanically patterned in his private as in his public role. He is simply robot, monster, machine, and the few comments offered by the wife do not give us an adequate lead back into the character. In other words, the novelist has avoided his responsibility on this point—probably because he has accepted sociology as explanation.

Such remarks as these would be meaningless about the work of a bad novelist, because a novel must, in a sense, set up the standard by which its very deficiencies can be defined and measured. But Mr. Ramsey has, I believe, the talent of a very good novelist indeed. He has an excellent sense of narrative and pace, his powers of observation are sharp, he can build and control excitement in a scene, his dialogue is good, and the style of his first-person narrator is well handled, despite a tendency to strain dramatic appropriateness by attempting incidental literary effects. The basic defect of his novel derives from the fact that he has not set himself the proper problem. He did not try, apparently, to define the center of his book. There is no clearly realized issue at the heart of Spence Lovell's character, and therefore none at the heart of the book. There is only the catchword of a journalistic sociology. Perhaps Mr. Ramsey needs to look harder at his region; for if he looks hard enough at his region he may see that the Spence Lovells are rather complicated people, after all.

ROBERT PENN WARREN

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Hector Bywater, Prophet

THE GREAT PACIFIC WAR. By Hector C. Bywater. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

NO OTHER war in recent history has been as thoroughly discussed in advance as the war in the Pacific between the United States and Japan. It has been a favorite study in our Naval War College for at least thirty-five years, and has been commented on by publications ranging from the yellow journals to the New York *Times* and by military and naval critics as far apart in views and type as "Big Bill" Shearer and Hanson Baldwin. The best book on the subject, however, is undoubtedly "The Great Pacific War" by the English naval expert, the late Hector Bywater, and Houghton Mifflin is to be praised for reprinting it.

Since Mahan no naval expert has enjoyed greater international prestige than Bywater, who served as naval correspondent for newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic. Books dealing with military and naval strategy are generally lacking in popular appeal, but both the book under review and the same author's "Seapower in the Pacific" have an unusually wide circle of American readers, whose admiration is fully justified by the books' extremely engrossing content and technical excellence.

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Today it is especially interesting to reexamine "The Great Pacific War" and note how closely the outlines of the struggle correspond with the facts of the present world war. Bywater expected the Pacific war to be preceded by a successful surprise attack which would arouse in Americans a grim determination to see the war through to a successful conclusion. In his forecast the early war continues to go badly for the United States. Japanese submarines and plane carriers go into action off our Pacific Coast and cause considerable psychological and some material damage. The Philippines and Guam fall into Japanese hands after putting up a brief opposition, and much American trade is cut off. Meanwhile, United States submarines and planes create havoc among Japanese transports. Both sides make feints along the Alaska-Aleutian-Kurile chain of islands but do not undertake a real offensive because of climatic obstacles and lack of important objectives.

The turning point is reached when the United States abandons the defensive strategy with which it entered the war in 1931—as in 1941—and resolves on a vigorous offensive in the western Pacific. An expedition to seize the Bonins is at first a failure, but repeated attacks eventually place the Japanese fleet in a strategic position in which it is obliged to fight. In pitched battle the United States navy proves to be definitely superior. With the crippling of Japanese sea power the early American losses are regained. Japan is blockaded and in danger of being bombed. It recognizes its hopeless situation and sues for peace.

In general, events have so far conformed to this pattern. The surprise attack was made on Hawaii, the center of United States strength, rather than on the Panama Canal, and caught our armed forces woefully unprepared. Wake, which Bywater overlooked as unimportant, also fell to the Japanese onslaught. By clever strategy the United States avoided the likely easy destruction of its Asiatic fleet, and this fleet has since caused Japan serious losses. West Coast feints by Japan have been much less effective than Bywater supposed would be the case, and our civilian reaction has been decidedly calmer, with a more alert defense than he expected. A book written in 1925 could not entirely foresee and does in fact underemphasize the role of air power. Moreover, in this Pacific war the British Empire, the Netherlands Indies, and China, as well as the United States, are involved, with the Soviet Union a somewhat truculent neutral, and it is, therefore, a very different affair from a war between Japan and the United States alone. Despite these changed conditions, the book on the whole offers a brilliant discussion of the strategy of today's war.

It is only when Bywater gets away from military matters and deals with politics or economics that he ceases to be a trustworthy guide. He almost totally overlooks the important effect of economic strength or weakness on the war effort of his contestants and believes that Japanese morale is apt to be affected by rationing and scarcity. This is contrary to all other estimates of Japan, not only those made today but also those current when the book was written. These are, however, only minute flaws in a work which for general timeliness, despite the seventeen years which have passed since it was written, can hardly be surpassed.

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The Arch Lectures. By Claude Bragdon. Creative Age Press. $2.

Belgium: The Official Account of What Happened 1939-1940. Didier Publishers for the Belgian Ministry of Foreign Affairs. $2.50.

The War at Sea. By Gilbert Cant. John Day. $3.

Army Talk: A Familiar Dictionary of Soldier Speech. By Elbridge Colby. Princeton. $2.

The Good Inheritance: The Democratic Chance. By Norman Cousins. Coward-McCann. $3.

All My Born Days: Experiences of a Naval Intelligence Officer in Europe. By John A. Gade. Scribner's. $3.50.

Franklin Street. By Philip Goodman. Knopf. $2.75.

Defense Will Not Win the War. By Lieutenant-Colonel W. F. Kernan. Little, Brown. $1.50.

The Sea of Memories: The Story of Mediterranean Strife Past and Present. By Charles Moran. Scribner's. $3.50.

Admiral of the Ocean Sea: A Life of Christopher Columbus. By Samuel Eliot Morison. Little, Brown. $3.50.

Capured: My Experiences as an Ambulance Driver and as a Prisoner of the Nazis. By Bessy Myers. Appleton-Century. $2.50.

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Bookman's Holiday: The Private Satisfactions of an Incurable Collector. By Vincent Starrett. Random House. $3.

The Voice of Russia. Edited by Lucien Zacharoff. Alliance. $3.

DRAMA

Leave of Absence

MY TASK for the week—and no easy one at that—is to explain how it happens that I like a certain new English war play at Henry Miller's Theater and why, with appropriate warnings and apologies, I recommend it to others. Its title, "The Heart of a City," certainly suggests early Owen Davis, and the play itself undoubtedly has some relations to the ten-twent'-thirt'. But perhaps it could be more precisely described as a judicious combination of the Messrs. Dunning and Abbott's once famous "Broadway" and "The Wookey" of more recent memory. It is, in other words, a rather gaudy tale of back-stage life, with beautiful girls running about in various stages of deshabille and conducting their private affairs en route between the dressing-room and the stage. But instead, as in "Broadway," of introducing bootleggers and gangsters to furnish the excitement it introduces the blitz, and the show must go on despite blackouts, falling bombs, and boy friends who are in the R. A. F. I do not think that it is very well written; perhaps it is not, except in the most elementary sense, written at all. I am certain that the complications are pretty obvious and that both the sentiments and the heroics, though tolerably restrained, are equally unoriginal. But since the whole is rather gay and inoffensive, its topicality somehow renders it not only amusing and interesting but quite astonishingly heartening as well. Indeed, I am inclined to think that its cheerful triviality carries more reassurance than a more serious play would be likely to inspire. Evidently it is possible for a people to behave quite heroically without having to accomplish what we fear, for ourselves, would be the impossible task of becoming Heroes, with all the spiritual rebirth, etc., which the latter seems to imply.

I find all this more embarrassing to say than I would if I were not aware of the fact that I have always insisted in a rather lofty and superior manner that works of art should be judged by nothing except artistic standards. When, for example, some pretty bad plays of the Marxist-proletarian variety were at least tolerantly reviewed I not only explained that the most important subjects and the best intentions in the world were artistically unimportant unless something was made of them but also, as I remember, inveighed against those who failed to distinguish between what the play in question actually managed to communicate and what they themselves brought to it in the way of knowledge, conviction, and emotional conditioning to certain subjects. But I am afraid that something like this last is chiefly responsible for the effectiveness of "The Heart of a City." The situations do not have to be powerfully conceived; we know too well what they refer to, and events have given them emotional values which the author has not needed to establish since they are, for us, already established. Indeed, he does not even have to be especially convincing. We already know that such things not only can be but are.

I doubt that anything like this could be true of a more solemn or more pretentious play. In fact, some of our own war dramas seem to have proved that it is not. Trying to write seriously, the author merely reminds us that his elevation and his eloquence are not adequate. In the same way a popular song, say "Tipperary," may be not only less embarrassing than an Ode to Our Gallant Forces but also actually moving, more moving certainly than the Ode; unless, of course, the latter is really first-rate—which none of the serious war plays have been.

"The Heart of a City" would certainly be vulgar and cheap if it were not the product of an actual war, and it will certainly be trivial if ever that war is victoriously disposed of. Artistically, in other words, it is a nullity, and perhaps in liking it I am abdicating or at least taking a leave of absence as critic. But if I have lost my critical integrity I shall at least try to stay honest. And I should not be that if I told you either that "The Heart of a City" is a good play or that I did not both enjoy it and feel the better for it after the last curtain was down.

P. S. The girls are most unusually goodlooking, and one of them, Miss Musgrove, an English newcomer, is an ingenue of considerable charm.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

ART

"Bubble House" Afflatus

IN A tough world the story of the defense "bubble house" may provide a small spot of entertainment. There has been great fanfare for the house shaped like a little dome, while other experiments have been left to oblivion. Why?

A few of these houses have been erected at Falls Church, Virginia; the architect is the Californian Wallace Neff, and the sponsor none other than Jesse Jones, having quite a fling solving the housing problem (never mind what he did about a few others, such as aluminum or rubber).

The method of construction that gives rise to the nickname "bubble house" is to inflate a half-balloon and spray it with air-spray cement, which hardens to form the inner shell of the house; a layer of insulation and an outer shell finish the job. The shape that has been most frequently illustrated is composed of twin domes linked by a conventional room containing the kitchen; but some of the later models are single elongated shapes like a fat sausage or the top half of a blimp.

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People who have visited the houses describe them as really quite enchanting; seen from the outside they have a fairy-tale quality—like giant mushrooms in the woods—and inside they are said to be surprisingly inviting. What is there that makes it seem so snug, reassuring, and refreshing to live and sleep in such a fantastic fashion, with a domical vault up above one's domestic head?

There are functional explanations, of course, for the domical shape. An especially ambitious one, in the *New Yorker,* connects it with the "traditional, simple, nomadic house—the tepee, the igloo"; and declares, moreover, that no "decisive" advance in mass production is possible without working from those. Well, the idea that there is *no* other good way forward might suffer under pinprick even more than would Mr. Neff's balloon; but it is true that there is a connection. Indeed, everybody who sees the bubble house seems to recall something primitive or remote in his own memory—Walt Disney movie settings, or the group of domed huts that Professor Wagner was going to build against earthquakes in Turkey, or the Mongolian *yurt* which so pleases Buckminster Fuller * because its streamlining makes the wind anchor it all the more firmly, or again the round-topped tepees of some Eastern woodland Indian tribe, or African villages—especially African villages, since no form of primitivism is more fashionable. Once you begin looking, the domed shape sprouts all over the primitive world; rounded mud-plastered huts were the early prototypes of all the domed splendor of Persia, and the little prehistoric Greek beehive house was the humble precursor of the great Pantheon and even of that grand end-slice of melon which caps our most ambitious National Gallery of Art.

So here we find ourselves, with our sudden overwhelming need for security, reaching right back to those primitive shapes, hitting on just that kind of "functionalism" which delivers the most emotional reassurance. The reason it does would seem to be definitely Freudian; the primitive tribes were sticking close to Mother. Mr. Dali has put the case bluntly if indelicately by suggesting "small, dark, womblike houses" as retreats from the whole of the modern world; and the doubling of the hemispheric form detracts in no way from the force of the symbolism.

Such allusions need not scare us! The war need not make us deliquesce into anti-mechanical Dali-ance. After all, the

* Mr. Fuller's metal defense igloo is at the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

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native, healthy, popular builders of America also take to the dome shape regularly with all the avidity of an African tribesman. We have our derby-shaped restaurants and brooder-house tourist cabins; and at the World's Fair some designers who had read a book and who also knew their public used domes for the structures of an air-conditioning company, a pickle company, a steel company, and the distillers' building, not to mention the mound-like shape of the building for General Motors—and remember the perisphere?

So the manifest affection being displayed for the "bubble house" suggests the desire to return to fantastic shapes for relief from the shock of rationalism disrupted; the deep base of such fantasy; hence, the wisdom of giving more study to the irrational and super-rational drives in the building field, of understanding the neighbors with some of the attention given hitherto to European *flaneurs*. It suggests the possibility that domed or rounded vaults may multiply as an element even in domestic building, serving for quiet withdrawal from the openness of our glass planning. At one end of the scale stand the African village, the drive-in igloo, and the bubble house; and at the other St. Mark's in Venice or the Hagia Sophia; and the basic impulse is the same.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

MUSIC

THE post-Christmas chamber music concerts of the New Friends of Music have made distinguished and memorable contributions to the season's music. One of them offered Schubert's song cycle "Die schöne Müllerin" sung by Lotte Lehmann; a series of five gave us Schubert's piano sonatas and some of his other piano music played by Artur Schnabel. And meanwhile another series of five concerts at the Y. M. H. A. has presented Beethoven's string quartets played by the Budapest Quartet.

There is nothing new that I can say about the artistic resources of voice and feeling which Lehmann brought to Schubert's cycle, or about the playing of the Budapest Quartet at its best—the luminous beauty of the four strands of sound, their sensitive inflection, their marvelously integrated progression. The qualities that were familiar had fresh and newly astounding impact; and some of Schnabel's performances also made me more sharply aware of the characteristics and effect of phrasing that is unique, inimitable, wonderful in the way—by timing and force—it places sounds in significant, powerful relations in the contours of the successions of sounds, the way it builds up and releases tensions in the movement toward and away from salient points in those contours.

My experience with this Schnabel series has left me with a doubt whether all-Schubert concerts are a good way of presenting Schubert's music—whether they don't offer more of the music than a person can absorb at one time. I had the same doubts about the New Friends all-Haydn concerts, the Y. M. H. A.'s all-Mozart quartet concerts, two or three years ago. And at the Y. M. H. A.'s Beethoven quartet concerts people have complained that after an Op. 18 and an Op. 59 they are incapable of the attention and concentration demanded by one of the last five; but I suspect that if one of the last five were placed second these people would find it just as difficult to concentrate on an Op. 59. I think it would be best to offer only an hour of Beethoven or Schubert at each concert; but then the works would have to be distributed over a greater number of concerts; and both the individual concert and the series would be more expensive. It would be better still to make it an hour of Beethoven and Schubert or Haydn; and no more than an hour even of the two composers, for I find that even the mixed program of normal length offers more than I can keep my mind on, and more, apparently, than other people can.

Few of us can afford what it would cost to have Schnabel or the Budapest Quartet play for an hour in the quiet of our homes; so we pay 1/1500 of this cost to hear them at Town Hall or the Y. M. H. A. And as a result we hear them play longer, and hear them under less favorable conditions—the restlessness of some of the other 1,499 persons as they tire, the mere bad manners of some of the others from the start. For the concert has been made possible only by heavy promotion, which has included appeals to snobbery and pretentiousness that have brought some people in who should have been kept out. On my left at Town Hall are two women who at tomorrow's bridge table will talk of having heard Schnabel play Schubert at the New Friends, but who now, while he is playing, are talking about yesterday's bridge, fussing with their pocketbooks, idly leafing through their crackling programs, abstractedly fingering the rattling chains on their necks. In front of me at the Y. M. H. A. Budapest Quartet concert are three youngsters making exhibitionistic nuisances of themselves over a score; behind me are a young man and a young woman who have come to the concert to impress each other and are whispering uninterruptedly in the process.

But last autumn an hour of Beethoven played by the Budapest Quartet was brought into my quiet living room on Sunday mornings by the Columbia Broadcasting System; and Schnabel's performance of Schubert's great posthumous A major Sonata, which I heard at the New Friends concert through a continuous fidgeting and rustling of programs like the sound of leaves in a forest, I can hear undisturbed from the Victor records whenever I wish. That is what the radio and phonograph can do for us, and what they do, but only to an inadequate extent as yet. The broadcasting companies justify the American system of commercial broadcasting by the fact that it pays for the good music they send out all over the country. But a Chicago reader told me that those Budapest Quartet broadcasts were not heard in Chicago; readers elsewhere have told me of not getting C. B. S.'s New York Philharmonic broadcasts; and the reason is the American system of commercial broadcasting—the fact that the local stations don't carry these programs when they can sell the time. And C. B. S. itself lops off the concluding half-hour of the New York Philharmonic concert to sell to an advertiser. My Chicago reader told me of hearing N. B. C.'s Radio City Music Hall broadcast of a Mahler symphony cut off in the middle of a movement after a half-hour. And Schubert's piano sonatas performed by Schnabel may be an event of artistic magnitude; but commercial contracts have cut down the hour that N. B. C. formerly gave the New Friends concerts to about twenty minutes, so that I myself heard a broadcast break into the middle of one movement of Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata and break off in the middle of the next, and the same thing, outraged readers informed me, happened to Schnabel's performances of Schubert. So with records: at Columbia's rate of progress we are a long way from having the Budapest Quartet's performances of all of Beethoven's string quartets available to us on records; and Victor has yet to give us even a second Schubert sonata played by Schnabel—for example, the great posthumous B flat Sonata that was issued in England last year.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Protest from Mexico

Dear Sirs: We are unable to understand the real reasons for the slanderous attack upon André Simone in your issue of February 7. We wish to call your attention to Richard Rovere's complete misrepresentation of facts in his article dealing with the attacks being made in Mexico against Victor Serge, Marceau Pivert, and Julian Gorkin. A representative committee of the Mexican Congress has made serious formal accusations against Serge and his partners, charging that it has proofs of their connection with the Nazi fifth column in this country. None of the members of the committee belong to the Communist Party, some even being well-known anti-Communists.

André Simone has made constant and valuable contributions to the fight against Hitler's agents in Mexico and has exposed their methods of work. On the other hand, Mr. Serge and his partners have never done this type of work, dedicating their efforts exclusively to slander of the Soviet Union and its government. Significantly, the first issue of a magazine edited by Gorkin contains no single article against Hitler or Japanese aggression and fails to call for help for the democracies in their fight against fascism. Serge and his partners adhere openly to the official Trotskyite line, which fights the Soviet Union today for "allying itself with imperialistic powers such as England and the United States."

Recently an anti-fascist congress organized by the Acción Democrática Internacional and patronized by the Free French, the British propaganda office, and native professional and intellectual groups refused admittance to Serge and his partners on the basis of their anti-Allied activities in this country. Also the directors of the Liga Cultura Alemana, among whom are several anti-Communists, have bitterly condemned Regler's behavior in Mexico. Rovere's article has created ill-feeling among representative Mexicans for its vicious attack upon the Mexican people in general, whom he considers always in readiness to commit crimes in gangster style.

We are addressing you in the hope that the true information submitted herewith will help you to understand the Mexican situation with regard to foreigners posing as leftist who are really undermining the anti-fascist struggle. We protest also against the unsupported attacks upon Simone by Mr. Rovere, using terms which do not differ from those employed by Nazi official agents in Mexico as a reprisal for Simone's well-known valuable activities against Hitlerites here.

VICENTE LOMBARDO TOLEDANO, president Latin American Workers Federation; CESAR GARIZURIENTA, deputy; REINALDO LECONA SOTO, deputy; LUIS AGUILERA, deputy; CARLOS ZAPATA VELA, deputy; LUIS ORDORICA CERDA, deputy; ALFONSO FELIX DIAZ ESCOBAR, deputy; ALEJANDRO CARRILLO, deputy; LUDWIG RENN, ANNA SEGHERS, EGON ERWIN KISCH, COLONEL JUAN B. GOMEZ, PABLO NERUDA.

Mexico City, February 16

[The editors of *The Nation* do not want to enter into an argument with the distinguished Mexicans and European exiles who sign the telegram printed above. Our consistent support of the anti-fascist struggle, both before and since the start of the war, relieves us of the necessity of restating our general position. As for our attitude toward Mexico and the Mexican revolution, that has been established through long years of warm support and by our consistent opposition to all the imperialistic attitudes and practices of which our own government has in the past been guilty.

So it should not be necessary to insist that we have no wish either to criticize the Mexican people or to defend pro-Nazi activities. We cannot answer for the character of all the persons who have been under attack in Mexico, but it is difficult for us to believe, on the basis of his public record, that Victor Serge is connected with the Nazi fifth column. However, we shall waste no sympathy on Nazi agents. If the legislative committee mentioned in the protest has proof that "Serge and his partners" are actually guilty of such connections, we believe and hope that they will be dealt with severely by the proper authorities. And if such proof can be submitted for examination, here or in Mexico, *The Nation* will without hesitation make any further statement the facts demand.

Toward Gustav Regler, whose character and record are well known to us, we feel certain that injustice is being done. Regler served with utmost courage and distinction as an officer and commissar in the Loyalist army throughout the Spanish civil war. His devotion to the Allied cause since 1939 has been consistent and outspoken. To find him accused of such offenses against our common cause as consorting with Phalangists and Nazis, is to us shocking. We believe that accusations such as these are in themselves a betrayal of the ideal of democratic solidarity and a source of aid and comfort to those reactionaries—and even some misguided leftists—who in this country as in Mexico seize upon every excuse to attack the Soviet Union and so weaken the anti-fascist front.

Meanwhile, we reaffirm our belief in freedom of political expression. *The Nation* defended the rights of the Communists when they opposed the war and the entire Allied position; we similarly defend the rights of persons whose only offense is to criticize the tactics of the Communists.—THE EDITORS OF THE NATION.]

A Socialist Looks at Ireland

Dear Sirs: Your recent supplement on Ireland failed to measure up to the *Nation* standard. Like most Irish people, your writers are living in the past and are ignoring the fact that though southern Ireland has been a "free" state since 1921, it is no better off than before. This has been a rude shock to the Irish people, who had been led to believe that their troubles would disappear with the British. Their hopes have of course proved false, for while the English brought feudalism to Ireland they did not take capitalism away with them when they left.

Unable to fill the people with food, De Valera continues to fill them with hate against the British, against the Protestants, against the Ulstermen, against anybody but his masters, the Irish capitalists. Mr. Maloney plays this game when he speaks of the peace established in Ulster with "Protestant clubs." Presumably the Irish Catholics like being clubbed, for numbers of them emigrate every year from Eire to Northern Ireland. At the same time Mr. Maloney is silent as to why the Six Counties are

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not a part of Eire. Articles 11 and 12 of the Anglo-Irish treaty gave Northern Ireland the right of self-determination which it exercised. Consequently the partition question is closed until it is reopened by the people of Ulster.

If De Valera were really an Irish statesman, he would have inserted a clause in his constitution providing for the separation of church and state and the equality of all religions. This was absolutely necessary in a country so divided religiously. His followers, however, have singled out the Protestant churches for acts of terrorism. Many Protestant church halls, and even an orphanage on the banks of the Shannon, have been burned by armed ruffians whose activities the Eire government either cannot or will not stop. As Maloney fails to mention these facts, we must conclude either that he approves of them or that the newspapers he receives from Ireland contain no mention of them. When we look at the books and plays that are banned in Eire we see at once that it is a clerical-fascist state like Pilsudski's Poland and Dollfuss's Austria. In passing it may be well to note that the number of Protestants in the south have declined 32 per cent in fifteen years. This brings me to a further conclusion that the picture of Lincoln and the copy of the American Declaration of Independence that hang on the walls of De Valera's office are mere window-dressing.

Turning to the economic situation, we find that recent population figures show a decrease of 3,572 while Ulster's population has increased by 78,558, although Belfast was considered a depressed area before the present war. This indicates that Eire is worse than a depressed area. The situation could be improved by the industrialization of Eire, and this is the aim of Fianna Fail, but along conventional capitalist lines, which means years of misery for the Irish workers and farmers. The only way out for Ireland is socialism, but this is anathema to the church and De Valera's backers. We even hear today that the Irish Labor Party has been considering changes in its platform to please the church after its reverses in the 1938 election.

I also find myself in disagreement with Keith Hutchison, whose usual care in sifting economic events has produced many fine articles for *The Nation*. Mr. Hutchison says that the trade war between Eire and Britain had no effect on the political situation in Ireland, citing the election of 1933 as proof. Inasmuch as the trade war did not start until 1932, its effects did not spread over the country before that election. The test came in the following election, when the Fianna Fail failed to get a majority and Labor held the balance of power. De Valera immediately sought an agreement with Britain and, having the senile Chamberlain to deal with, came out on top. In an election held shortly afterward De Valera regained his former majority. This indicates that more than the big ranchers were affected by the loss of the British market.

Two events that occurred in the last Ulster election show that De Valera and his Ulster Tory "enemies" are really allies. Just prior to the elections a progressive movement was started against the late Lord Craigavon in his own party, and the number of disaffected members became so large that they might have gained a majority in the approaching election. Mr. de Valera at once rushed to the support of the reactionaries by emitting a violent blast against partition. Craigavon called an election immediately and by making partition the main issue swept the Six Counties and emerged with a greater majority than before.

In the same election the leader of the Northern Ireland Labor Party contested a seat in the dock area of Belfast. The voters were divided into Tories, Laborites, and Nationalists. The Nationalists had no chance of winning the seat and usually did not contest it, but this time they ran a candidate, split the vote, and elected an Orangeman. Why did they do this? Because the Labor Party had supported the Spanish Republican government against the murderer Franco.

In Canada we have the same national and religious differences as Ireland has, and the C. C. F., Canada's farmer-labor party, is faced with the same problem in its relation to the Roman church as the Irish Labor Party. All Canadian political parties must recognize the special privileges of the Roman church in Canada or it takes the field against them. Toward the end of the last century the Canadian Liberal Party faced the same situation. It overcame the difficulty by ceasing to be liberal. To avoid more years of strife and misery the Labor Party in Ireland and the C. C. F. in Canada must separate church and state completely at the same time as they end the capitalist system; otherwise they will leave a fifth column ready to stab them in the back as in Spain.

KENNETH STEWART

Verdun, Quebec, February 13

O. G. V.'s Birthday Dinner

Dear Sirs: Readers of *The Nation* will be interested to know that a dinner is being given in honor of Oswald Garrison Villard on his seventieth birthday, March 13, 1942, at the Hotel Roosevelt in New York.

Some of those who are on the committee sponsoring the dinner disagree with Mr. Villard's views on the present world crisis, but this is America, where we are still free to disagree.

It couldn't happen anywhere except in America—or in England. We remember and honor the gallant fights Oswald Villard waged in the old *Evening Post* and *The Nation*, fights for civil-service reform, for decency in government, for Irish and Hungarian and Russian and Chinese freedom. And we honor him today for his continuing fight for Negro rights, for all human rights, and for American freedom. We honor him for his courage in dissent, and we are glad that America produces such a man and gives him the right to be heard.

Speakers at the dinner will include John Haynes Holmes, Lewis Gannett, Walter White, Norman Thomas, Joseph Schlossberg, and Mr. Villard. Reservations for the dinner may be secured through the committee, at 112 East Nineteenth Street.

MARY W. HILLYER,
for the Committee

New York, February 19

CONTRIBUTORS

HARRY BLOCK is *The Nation's* Mexican correspondent.

IDA TREAT is an American writer who has recently returned to this country after twenty years in Europe. She has published a book on defeated France entitled "The Anchored Heart."

RICHARD ARMOUR is a member of the English Department of Wells College. A book of his light verse will be published shortly.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL, professor of English at Loyola University, appears frequently in *The Nation* as a critic of art and literature.

ROBERT PENN WARREN, an editor of the *Southern Review*, will soon publish "Bearded Oaks and Other Poems on the Same Theme."

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